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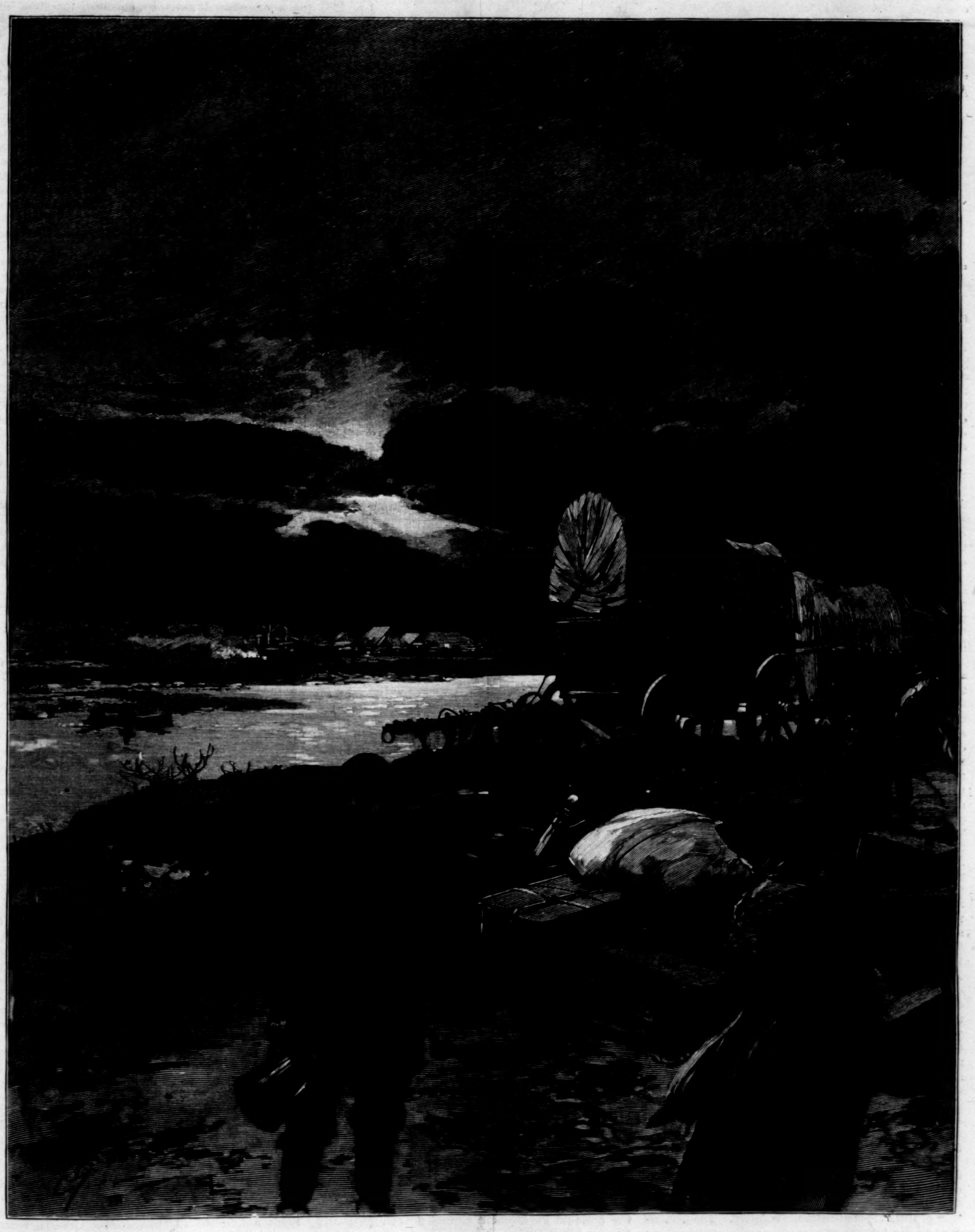

THE OPENING OF THE SIOUX RESERVATION—NEWLY ARRIVED SETTLERS IN THE TERRITORY.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 183.]

"Harper's Young People unquestionably ranks as the foremost juvenile publication in the country, and the young folks are hardly able to await its arrival, so eager are they to enjoy its pages."—*Albany Press.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly for Boys and Girls.

The issue for March 4th contains a short story, entitled "Reginald Dexter's Apprenticeship," by Mary S. McCobb, *with a front-page illustration by* W. A. Rogers; *and a fairy tale by* Frank M. Bicknell, *in which are related the adventures of a "Youth who arose a Pauper and went to bed a King."*

Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson's *subject this week is "The Sprightly Water-Beetle." The article is accompanied by four illustrations from the author's pencil.*

The serial story, "Phil and the Baby," has reached its seventh instalment. Miss Barber's *illustrations to this serial are unusually interesting.*

"Penknife and Scissors Toys" shows what an ingenious boy or girl can do with those simple tools and materials that would otherwise be wasted. Each article described is illustrated.

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THE FIRST YEAR OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

THE first year of the administration does not end amid the enthusiasm of the successful party. Undoubtedly the party is at heart disappointed. The year has not recovered for it any of its old prestige, and it will hardly be asserted that thus far the administration has dwarfed its predecessor in public estimation. There were two points upon which general attention was concentrated when the campaign ended in Republican success—protection and civil service reform. The platform declarations were unmistakable upon both questions, and the President was equally explicit. Yet the important fact of the year in regard to protection is the demand of New England Republicans for greater freedom of raw materials, and in regard to reform the significant fact is the reported remark of the Assistant Postmaster-General, a remark in entire accord with his official action:

> "I have changed 31,000 out of 55,000 fourth-class postmasters, and I expect to change 10,000 more before I finally quit. I expect before the end of the month to see five-sixths of the Presidential postmasters changed. Then I can paraphrase old Simeon, and say, 'Let thy servant depart in peace.'"

This is probably the most scornful and truculent violation of a solemn engagement with the country that a party through one of its executive officers ever made. Perhaps Senator Hoar would say that the clean sweep of post-offices has nothing to do with civil service reform, and that those who allege the contrary are the criminally foolish friends of reform who do the cause more mischief than its worst enemies. If the course of the Assistant Postmaster-General has received any emphatic rebuke in Congress, or from any large and influential portion of the party press, the fact has escaped our careful attention. The civil service law has been, so far as is known, honestly observed. But the declarations of the platform and the pledges of the President went far beyond that. The same law was as honestly enforced, and the scope of the classified service was largely extended under Democratic control, and in view of the facts the first year of the administration has effectually disposed of the Republican claim to be distinctively the reform party. Besides these significant facts, the opening of the Congress elected with the President has been signalized by the adoption of a code of rules which, reversing the uniform practice of a century, destroys the fair rights of the minority. So far as the new rules secure the House against wanton obstruction by filibustering, they are approved undoubtedly by all good citizens. But in denying the minority the right to hold the majority to an affirmative expression of their responsibility, they outrage fair play and wise precedent. The two chief incidents in our foreign relations are the Samoan and English treaties, the latter of which is an admirable enlargement of the list of extraditable offences, but the former is at variance with our traditional policy.

While the party action during the year has not deepened public confidence or respect, and has not been conformed to the best Republican tradition, the situation has not been improved by the personal impression of the President upon the country. The personality of Mr. Cleveland was the real strength of his administration. His party had been long distrusted. But his integrity and his force of character had as marked an influence upon his party as upon the country at large. However strong might be difference of opinion with his views and policy, there were few men of any party who did not agree that he filled adequately and impressively the Presidential office. This consciousness was of immense service in bringing to his support those who held many of his views, but who could not trust his party. In Massachusetts it led to a reorganization of his party under new leadership, and his personal force has made him in retirement the most conspicuous American citizen and the chief representative of political progress and reform. This kind of personality is wholly wanting in the President. As his predecessor constantly grew in public estimation, it would hardly be denied by candid Republicans that the President constantly shrinks. Mr. Cleveland was strongly opposed by a considerable body of his party, but he was sustained with the utmost pride and enthusiasm by another portion. But what group of Republicans is enthusiastic for the President, or feels that he is in himself a bulwark of his party? What independent voter, intent upon honest politics, turns to him as a leader? Indeed, it is with a certain painful sympathy that one contemplates the office and the incumbent as the first year of the administration ends.

A MISSISSIPPI VIEW.

AN old Republican and graduate of Yale now resident in Mississippi holds that "the refined, highly cultivated, and thoroughly conscientious and better class in New England and the North" have practically the same ends in view with a similar class in the Southern States, less cultivated and self-restrained, perhaps, but manly, high-spirited, and honorable. They should certainly, he says, be better acquainted. They shall be, we may add, if we can aid a better acquaintance. To the common remark which is made in this part of the country that to justify and enforce the suppression of the negro vote, and yet continue to enjoy the advantage arising from an assumed honest casting and counting of that vote, is a singular position for Americans, he calls attention to the fact that the Legislature of Mississippi has summoned a Constitutional Convention chiefly to consider some scheme for equitably restricting the suffrage. But, as he truly says, any legal limitation of suffrage once conferred is very difficult. There is also a plan for proposing the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment. This, however, in itself would be futile, as the more sagacious observers in the Southern States perceive.

Mr. W. P. Harris, the oldest and one of the ablest lawyers in Mississippi, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the memorial to Congress in favor of such an amendment, has written an interesting letter upon this subject. Mr. Harris says that he thinks the effect of such a memorial upon Congress would be slight. But in asking that a repeal may be made, which would leave each State to deal for itself with the question of suffrage, subject only to the rule of apportionment contained in the Fourteenth Amendment, there would be an avowal made with authority that the people of Mississippi would be willing to suffer a reduction in representation for the sake of tranquillity at home. This would dispose, he says, of the allegation that the negro vote is suppressed while its advantages as a basis of representation are enjoyed. Our correspondent says that the best citizens would willingly relinquish the advantage in representation to be freed from the negro vote. He explains the phrase of the Charleston *News and Courier*, "a reasonable and intelligent" colored vote, to mean a vote divided upon some other than a race issue, because negro rule as such is unreasonable and unintelligent, and could not be tolerated, as it would not be tolerated in New York and New England.

This natural division of the vote our correspondent anticipates. In fact, it occurs now in local elections; and he cites the instance of a county in Mississippi where, in the election of county officers, the colored vote was fully polled and fairly counted, being divided not by race, but by local reasons. But it was a sorry contest, for although it illustrated the results of a division along other lines than those of race, the colored vote was largely bought on both sides. On the other hand, in our correspondent's own town, a "law and order" victory was obtained over the liquor interest by the aid of the better class of colored citizens. He says that there is plenty of room for negroes in his town, and they are invited to come. Public schools are provided for them, and "along the Mississippi River, at least, they are comfortable, happy, and prosperous." Such testimony from such a source is very valuable. The situation cannot be adjusted by Congress. It is essentially local, and the relations of the rest of the country to it are fully understood by the large and patriotic class of citizens whom our correspondent represents. The Supreme Court under Republican auspices has affirmed in substance what the best Republican opinion admits, that the national government cannot provide especially for any class of citizens in any State. The question must be settled by the States, and intelligent citizens everywhere, understanding the common interest, welcome therefore any suggestions offered in good faith, and not with a mere party purpose and in a party spirit.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

THERE can be no doubt that the Roman Catholic hostility to the American public-school system is very determined. It is based upon the well-founded conviction that the natural tendencies of American thought and life are not friendly to the Roman dogmas, and that American-born children of Catholic parents are very independent of ecclesiastical control. These tendencies are justly believed to be strengthened by education in schools which are free from such control, and the most effective means of maintaining the control is to prevent attendance at such schools. It may be assumed, therefore, that the Roman ecclesiastical policy which has been pursued for half a century will not be abandoned. So long as it contemplates only influence by argument and appeal, no exception can be properly taken. Clergymen of any denomination are at liberty to criticise the public-school system as godless, or scienceless, or ignorant, or extravagant, or foolish, or in any way objectionable. They may advocate a sectarian division of the school money, in order to secure sectarian schools and to deepen and exasperate the angry lines of religious difference. They may insist that the whole government should be placed in the hands of a sectarian hierarchy, and that the mandate of a pontiff who is infallible upon the most important of all subjects will be probably wiser upon other subjects than the voice of chance representatives of a reckless partisan majority.

These things all fall within the limits of free speech. We have decided in this country that it is wiser to let everybody say what he thinks, and not to restrain him until his words become a direct and necessary incitement to wrong-doing. But when discussion reaches that point, and when argument is abandoned for coercion, whether by an individual or a Church, the community properly intervenes in the interest of equal liberty. This is the intention of a proposed amendment to the constitution of New Jersey prohibiting any local or foreign power from compelling or preventing the attendance of children upon any particular school. The members of the Roman Church, like other American citizens, are protected in their civil rights by the government. One of these rights is the choice of schools for their children, and any other citizen or combination of citizens interfering with that right, whether they call themselves priests or Churches, may be justly restrained.

If there be one purpose which is distinctively American and peculiarly invincible, it is that the public schools shall be maintained inviolate from sectarian control. The reasons for this course are too strong and well considered to be overcome by the whimsical allegation that the schools are irreligious because they are not sectarian, or by the sophistical plea that only by becoming sectarian can they be religious. The public schools are maintained not to teach religion in any form, but to impart instruction of another kind. If a body of citizens should declare that their rights are infringed by school trustees, or teachers, or school laws, the courts are open to them for their defence. The process of correction and adjustment of the school system is continuous. But the proposition to destroy the system by abrogating its fundamental conditions is one which will never be approved until the American people are essentially changed. The Roman Church is tenacious, but in the defence of liberty the American people will be much more tenacious. Their good-nature and their habit of freedom will tolerate radical difference of opinion and ardent discussion of the school system and its faults. But unsectarian public schools they will maintain.

OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBOR.

THERE is no citizen of Canada who knows the United States better or who can estimate the relations of the two countries with sounder judgment than Goldwin Smith. His recent address upon the political relations of Canada with Great Britain and the United States has been published in a pamphlet, and it is well worthy the attention which its interest commands. There is at present a Pan-American Congress sitting at Washington. It consists of our own representatives and those of other American states. But the most striking fact in surveying the assembly is the absence of representatives of the one American state which is essentially cognate to ourselves. Along our northern border, coterminous with the Union, lies a state of the same origin, race, language, character, traditions, institutions of law, and general politics, and of the same political instincts and training as ours. It is a province practically independent of its mother country, and of all our neighbors it is our natural ally. This situation is depicted in detail by Goldwin Smith. England holds a nominal supremacy over Canada, without power, without commercial preference, and with dangerous liabilities. It is certainly not desirable for any free community to be formally governed and its constitution fixed by a community beyond the ocean, necessarily ignorant of the needs of the dependency.

A certain sentiment of British connection survives in Canada; but the connection is evidently so slight, and mere sentiment as a practical political bond is so shadowy, that in order to save the connection a proposition of closer union with England, under the name of imperial federation, is now made. But a page of trenchant questions in the address reveals the absolute impracticability of such a plan, which is not only intrinsically illusive, but is opposed to the whole modern political tendency, which is not toward centralization but toward self-government. While the airy scheme of imperial federation is academically discussed, the connection between British Canada and the United States is constantly closer in every department of industry and interest. "The structure of society, the character of the people, and their social sentiments are the same in British Canada that they are in the Northern and Western States.... British Canada and the United States are now one people under two governments, and with a customs line drawn across it." French Canada is a very different community. It is uneasily federated with its British neighbor, but its loyalty beyond its own borders is to Rome and France, and it yields largely to papal authority. But, like Ireland, it is poor, and its population increases rapidly, and overflows into New England and British Canada.

Will the dual government of British Canada and the United States, which are essentially similar communities, continue always? To this question the address replies that there are influences drawing both ways, but the horoscope of the future must be cast by reckoning the great and permanent forces which determine such problems. The proposition of immediate political union between British Canada and the United States would encounter great difficulties, because it would become at once not a question of real reasons, but a party game and a strife of local interests. It is not easy to determine the actual sentiment of Canada. Goldwin Smith's own opinion is that all along the line in the northwest and in the maritime provinces there is a general inclination for closer union. But this inclination is not deepened by the hostile American tone toward England and Canada. Meanwhile commercial union would be a natural policy for both countries, because if Canada suffers by being out of the commercial pale of her continent, the continent also suffers by her exclusion. Commercial union would involve an assimilation of the seaboard tariffs, but Goldwin Smith thinks that this need not involve the surrender of a sane principle of protection. If the interest of England in such arrangements be considered, "her one real interest on this continent is the friendship of its whole English-speaking race." The calm and friendly tone of this address is indicative of the spirit in which alone the question can be hopefully treated. With the same spirit animating the statesmanship of both countries, the relations of the two English-speaking neighbors could be happily adjusted.

CHICAGO AND THE FAIR.

With all the fun and talk about the Fair, there was little doubt in this city that Congress would award it to New York, and the surprise at the decision for Chicago was universal. Yet many weeks ago we remarked that Congress might not be unwilling to restrain the ardor of the great city, which asserts itself with a lordliness that is not always agreeable to the rest of the country. Moreover, the later incidents of the Fair movement in New York indicated plainly that it had become a political contest, and partisan politics must be necessarily fatal to an enterprise which is essentially non-partisan.

Speculation upon the reasons of the action of the House inclines to regard it as political, and Republican responsibility for the result is warmly alleged by New York Republicans. It is not doubted that the energy and resources of Chicago are equal to the management of a great Fair. But the situation will test the powers of that city to the utmost. For the standard is the late magnificent Fair in Paris—a prodigious display, which cannot be easily surpassed or rivalled.

New York, however, has little local pride, and the result of the vote was received with great general good-humor, although the opportunity was not lost to improve it politically. If Mr. Platt cherishes personal political ambitions, they have not been promoted by his course in this matter. In his zeal for what he amusingly called non-partisan management he has sown seeds of dissension in his party which will bear bitter fruit. The renewed harmony of the dance of the "Big Four" which we chronicled last week was, alas! in vain, and the adjuration that joy should be unconfined has been followed by a sudden cessation of hilarity. The Senate has yet to act, and it is not formally decided that there shall be a Fair; and even if a Fair be authorized, the date may be deferred. The time for contention, however, has passed, and that for hard and united work has arrived.

RELIEF OF THE SUPREME COURT.

There are now 1560 cases awaiting attention on the docket of the Supreme Court of the United States. It will be four years before the last case on the present docket is reached. This year 650 new cases were received, and the Court disposes of about 400 a year. For more than thirty years the business of the Court has been plainly overwhelming it, and the absolute necessity of effectual relief is imperative. Mr. Henry Hitchcock, of St. Louis, President of the American Bar Association, who has made a long and thorough study of the subject, has been recently in Washington, with an eminent committee of the Bar Association, in communication with influential Senators and Representatives, and they anticipate speedy and favorable action.

In 1854 Senator Douglas introduced a bill containing many of the provisions for relief which are now approved. But the two Houses of Congress have never been able to agree upon a scheme. The attention and interest of committees of both Houses, however, have now been secured, and Mr. Hitchcock and his friends have argued the matter with such skill and amplitude of knowledge that much longer delay is impracticable. The Court, members of Congress, and the Bar Association are opposed to the project of increasing the number of Justices of the Court. The whole Court investigates each case, and, as Justice Miller says, works as a team. Consequently it can move only as fast as the slowest.

But the simple and effectual plan approved by the Court and the Bar Association is an intermediate Court of Appeals. A court of final resort for patent appeals would greatly relieve the Supreme Bench. This is the provision of a bill now pending. But it would not alone supply the necessary relief. It is fortunate that the ablest lawyers in the country have made this important movement their own, and that Congress has the benefit in the matter of the wishes of the Bar of the Union.

"GARDEN AND FOREST."

Garden and Forest has now completed its second year, and has maintained steadily the high character with which it began. Its admirable ability as illustrated in discussions of the current public aspects of the subjects with which it deals, as, for instance, the question of forestry, in which public interest is now so general and active, and that of the seizure of Central Park for the Fair, which was agitated last summer, has given it an authority which no other such journal ever enjoyed. Its vigilance in observing and reporting events in every part of the sylvan or horticultural realm makes it an invaluable repository of information. No one who is interested in trees, flowers, landscape gardening, and the whole world of natural beauty but would find *Garden and Forest* a delightful weekly companion. Its arrival is the coming of a wise and intelligent and entertaining friend whose stimulating conversation is of topics that never tire and always refresh—a friend who enables us to live more happily, because more harmoniously with nature.

THE COLLEGE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

President Eliot, of Harvard, recently made a speech in Philadelphia in which he said that more care was needed upon the part of newspapers in the selection of their younger men, and his words received immediate and striking confirmation by a wholly misleading report of his remarks. He was represented as bitterly attacking the press, and especially maligning reporters employed upon the Boston press. But his simple explanation of the speech, which had been grossly misrepresented, was of course conclusive.

Mr. L. Clarke Davis, of the *Ledger*, had made an admirable speech in which he expressed the opinion that colleges did not take interest enough in journalism as a pursuit. President Eliot thought the speech so good that he commented upon it. He said that the true education for an editor was thorough training in writing English, and in history, political economy, and modern languages, and that this training could be secured in any college with an elective course. He therefore saw no need for special schools of journalism. Then he thought that greater care should be taken in the selection of young men for newspaper work, and said that in one year four men who had been dismissed from Harvard for disgraceful offences were immediately employed upon newspapers.

The remarks of the President of Harvard were in the interest of better journalism. It is indeed from conformity to his higher standard of selection that the newspaper force of to-day is much superior to that of the last generation. It is generally an intelligent and cultivated gentleman who now represents a great newspaper, although undoubtedly such facts as President Eliot cites show that there is improvement still possible. And the opportunity is made still more evident by the gross misrepresentation of the report of his remarks.

ADAMS'S "JEFFERSON."

No more valuable historical work has been published in this country than the history of the country during Jefferson's administration by Henry Adams. Mr. Adams is a historical student in the modern sense of intimate and detailed acquaintance not only with the documents, published and unpublished, which directly concern his subject, but with the general history of the time of which he treats, and the relation to it of his particular narrative. This gives his work the true historical perspective and proportion, and makes it what every great historical work really is—a chapter in the history of a time.

Besides this just conception and these essential qualities of the student, Mr. Adams has the intellectual insight and temperament which enable him to analyze and judge both characters and events with singular candor and acuteness, and his literary style is both lucid and picturesque. The result is of the highest importance. No student of American history can neglect these volumes without irreparable loss. They are a distinct addition to American literature, and they go very far to refute the assertion that our history, dealing largely with Indian wars and frontier life and material prosperity, cannot be made interesting.

In fact it was during Jefferson's administration, which especially proposed to avoid foreign complications, that we were more entangled in the course of events in Europe than at any other time. The whole story of the Louisiana purchase, of Burr's conspiracy, and of our futile efforts to treat with Spain, England, and France, was never so copiously and clearly told, with ample familiarity with all sources of information, as in these volumes. The estimate of Jefferson's composite character, his abilities and weaknesses, his virtues and inconsistencies, is free from all partisan or other bias, and commends itself as wise and just. Upon a literary work of such admirable quality as this the country is to be congratulated.

PUBLIC SPIRIT IN NEW YORK.

There have been two refreshing illustrations of the public spirit of the city of New York during the last year. One was the prompt and successful opposition to the proposal to seize Central Park for a Fair, and the other is the repeal by the Assembly of the law which authorized the seizure of the City Hall Park for more buildings. They were both of them victories of the press. Except for the resolute and steady opposition of a part of the press to the plan of taking the Park for the Exhibition, under a truculent hurrah that the alternative was the Park or no Fair, the law expressly forbidding such a course would have been disregarded, and a precedent fatal to all pleasure-grounds in the city would have been established.

The same prompt and vigilant persistence against the invasion of the City Hall Park has apparently prevailed, and it may be now considered settled that the parks are to be reserved exclusively for their original and specific purposes—the promotion of the health and pleasure of all the people, and more especially of those who are unable to seek such recreation out of town. The principle that underlies this action is very simple; it is that a park is best promoting its highest purpose when it is maintained solely as a park.

PERSONAL.

The present head of the Shelley family, Sir Edward, a nephew of the poet, is a widower on the shady side of sixty, and lives on the family's beautiful estates in Hampshire, south of England. The house, a red brick structure, was built and lived in by Charles II. Sir Edward, till he settled down in 1863, led a wild career of adventure. Finding the life of a British cavalry officer too tame, at the opening of the Crimean war he joined the Turkish Bashi-Bazouks, and was made a Pasha by the Sultan. Then he hunted in the wilds of South Africa, and afterward came to America to enjoy the rough sport of the Western prairies. The Indians captured and kept him a prisoner for years, making him a chief, but watching him closely till he found an opportunity to escape. Later he travelled in China and Japan.

—The name of John Stephenson, of New Rochelle, is a synonyme for honesty wherever he is known. In 1831 he built the first omnibus ever used in this city, and the following year the first street car. Since then he has constructed hundreds of stages, and nearly all the horse-cars used in this city, the total of the latter reaching above twenty thousand. Although over eighty ~~years~~ old, he remains at the head of the largest street car making concern in the country. He has long been interested in Sunday-school work, and for over forty years was a choir leader.

—Mrs. Phœbe J. Houghton, of North Easton, Massachusetts, the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier, has recently celebrated her hundredth birthday. She remembers distinctly the funeral of President Washington.

—A fine monument to Joan of Arc is to be erected at Vaucouleurs. It will cost a million francs, and the Bishop of Verdun has undertaken to raise the money.

—The manner in which William Walter Phelps has had his new Berlin residence made ready for occupancy is said to have greatly scandalized the conservative Germans. The chief causes of horror were the free admission of light and air, the tearing down of dark paper and heavy draperies, and the substitution for these of light curtains and papers and furnishings of less sombre hues.

—The portrait of Henry M. Stanley is to be painted by Miss E. M. Merrick, the same English artist who went to Cairo to paint the picture of the Khedive. When Mr. Stanley's portrait is finished, he will present it to the Royal Geographical Society. It is said, in connection with other testimonials to Stanley's increased fame, that a Birmingham manager who paid him fifteen guineas the last time he lectured in that town, now offers three hundred guineas, and fears that even this sum will not be sufficient to secure an address from the explorer.

—A new explanation of short-sightedness comes from Breslau, Germany. Dr. Forster, the director of the Ophthalmic University there, declares that in three hundred cases that he has studied the pressure of tight collars upon the muscles of the neck has so disturbed the circulation of the blood as to affect the eyesight.

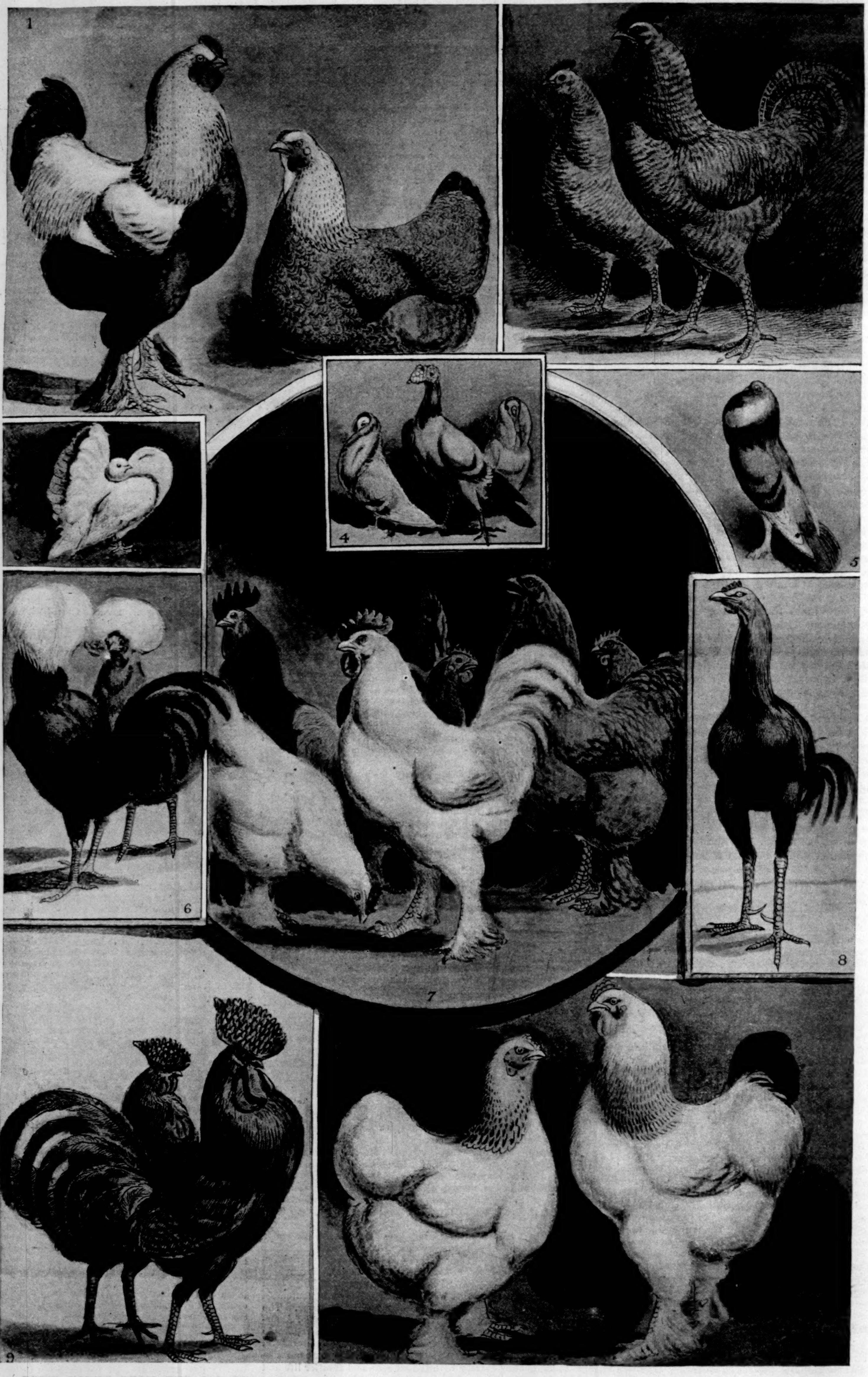
—The historic Quincy farm at Quincy, Massachusetts, which has been owned by the family for a century and a half or more, is to be cut up and a part of it disposed of for building lots. The house, built by Colonel Josiah Quincy in 1772, and under whose roof many prominent men of past generations have been entertained, will not be sold. On a window-pane in this ancient edifice are scratched with a diamond the words: "Oct. 10, 1775. Gov. Gage sailed for England with a fair wind."

—Ex-President Noah Porter, of Yale College, succeeds the late ex-President Woolsey as President of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

—P. T. Barnum's only regret as he sails back to this country probably is that he cannot bring away with him some of the royalties with whom he has hobnobbed to figure in his great moral aggregation. The $500,000 of British gold that has flowed into his coffers during the trip will, however, help to assuage his grief.

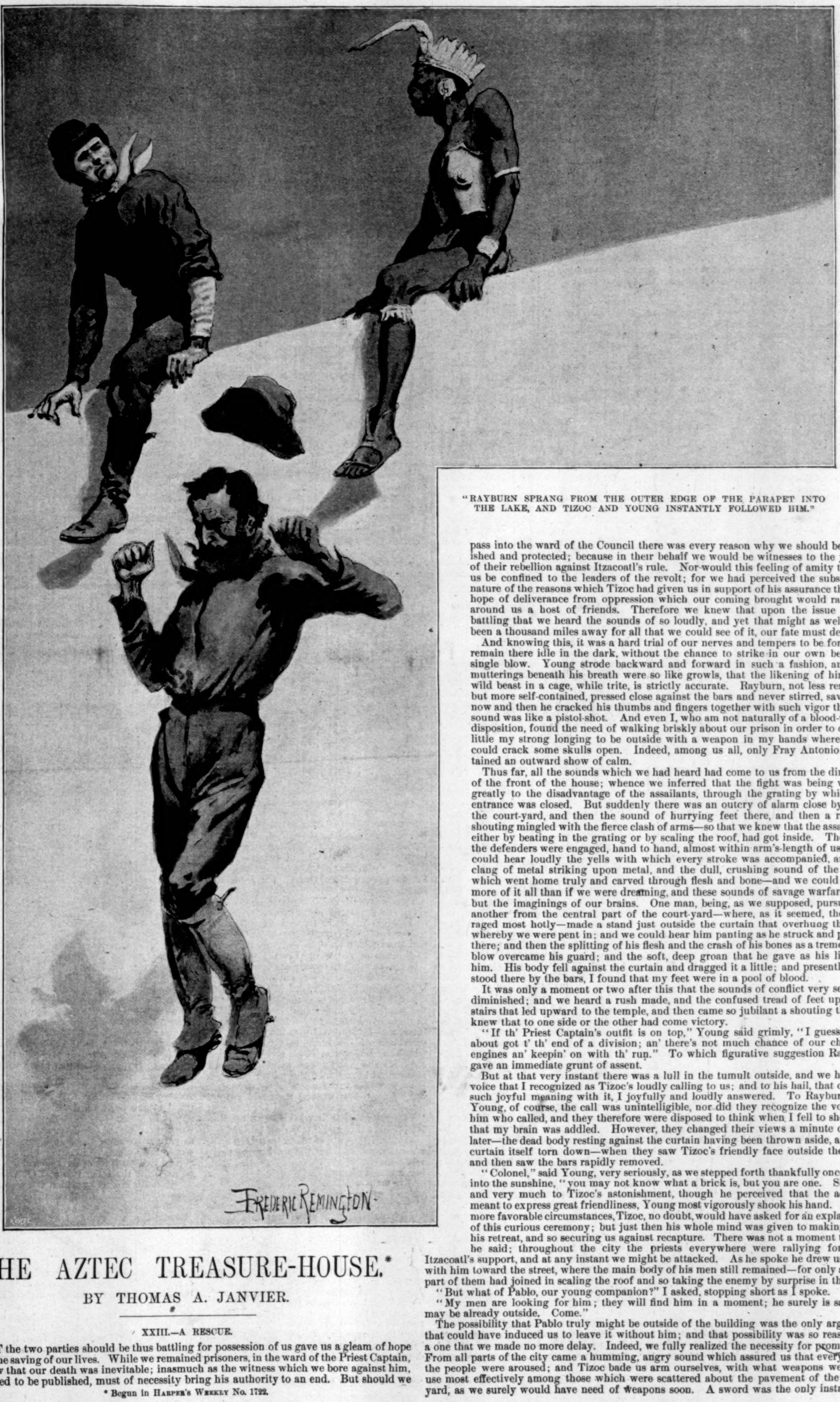
—Squire Massie Beasley, of Aberdeen, Indiana, the Gretna Green of Kentucky, has tied the knot for 4076 couples in the past nineteen years. He has never succumbed to the contagion of romance, however, but remains a bachelor at seventy-three.

—One of the prettiest and most sensible girls in Mount Carmel, Connecticut, Miss Nellie Patterson, has just finished a four years' apprenticeship, and is now earning her living as a full-fledged machinist. She had to make her way in life, so she learned the work for which she had a natural bent. Now she is pronounced as clever and efficient as any workman in the shop where she is employed, while her success has been accomplished without any sacrifice of womanliness.



PRIZE FOWLS FROM THE POULTRY SHOW IN THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE BUILDING.—Drawn by J. C. Beard.—[See Page 179.]

1. Dark Brahmas. 2. Plymouth Rocks. 3. New Fantail Pigeon. 4. Carrier and Jacobin Pigeons. 5. Pouter Pigeon. 6. White-crested Black Polands. 7. White Langshans in foreground, Buff Cochins in background, Brown Leghorns in left background. 8. Indian Game-Cock. 9. New Style Red Caps. 10. Light Brahmas.



"RAYBURN SPRANG FROM THE OUTER EDGE OF THE PARAPET INTO THE LAKE, AND TIZOC AND YOUNG INSTANTLY FOLLOWED HIM."

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.*

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

XXIII.—A RESCUE.

THAT the two parties should be thus battling for possession of us gave us a gleam of hope for the saving of our lives. While we remained prisoners, in the ward of the Priest Captain, we knew that our death was inevitable; inasmuch as the witness which we bore against him, if suffered to be published, must of necessity bring his authority to an end. But should we pass into the ward of the Council there was every reason why we should be cherished and protected; because in their behalf we would be witnesses to the justice of their rebellion against Itzacoatl's rule. Nor would this feeling of amity toward us be confined to the leaders of the revolt; for we had perceived the substantial nature of the reasons which Tizoc had given us in support of his assurance that the hope of deliverance from oppression which our coming brought would raise up around us a host of friends. Therefore we knew that upon the issue of the battling that we heard the sounds of so loudly, and yet that might as well have been a thousand miles away for all that we could see of it, our fate must depend.

And knowing this, it was a hard trial of our nerves and tempers to be forced to remain there idle in the dark, without the chance to strike in our own behalf a single blow. Young strode backward and forward in such a fashion, and the mutterings beneath his breath were so like growls, that the likening of him to a wild beast in a cage, while trite, is strictly accurate. Rayburn, not less resolute, but more self-contained, pressed close against the bars and never stirred, save that now and then he cracked his thumbs and fingers together with such vigor that the sound was like a pistol-shot. And even I, who am not naturally of a blood-thirsty disposition, found the need of walking briskly about our prison in order to quiet a little my strong longing to be outside with a weapon in my hands wherewith I could crack some skulls open. Indeed, among us all, only Fray Antonio maintained an outward show of calm.

Thus far, all the sounds which we had heard had come to us from the direction of the front of the house; whence we inferred that the fight was being waged, greatly to the disadvantage of the assailants, through the grating by which the entrance was closed. But suddenly there was an outcry of alarm close by us in the court-yard, and then the sound of hurrying feet there, and then a roar of shouting mingled with the fierce clash of arms—so that we knew that the assailants, either by beating in the grating or by scaling the roof, had got inside. They and the defenders were engaged, hand to hand, almost within arm's-length of us. We could hear loudly the yells with which every stroke was accompanied, and the clang of metal striking upon metal, and the dull, crushing sound of the blows which went home truly and carved through flesh and bone—and we could see no more of it all than if we were dreaming, and these sounds of savage warfare were but the imaginings of our brains. One man, being, as we supposed, pursued by another from the central part of the court-yard—where, as it seemed, the fight raged most hotly—made a stand just outside the curtain that overhung the bars whereby we were pent in; and we could hear him panting as he struck and parried there; and then the splitting of his flesh and the crash of his bones as a tremendous blow overcame his guard; and the soft, deep groan that he gave as his life left him. His body fell against the curtain and dragged it a little; and presently, as I stood there by the bars, I found that my feet were in a pool of blood.

It was only a moment or two after this that the sounds of conflict very sensibly diminished; and we heard a rush made, and the confused tread of feet upon the stairs that led upward to the temple, and then came so jubilant a shouting that we knew that to one side or the other had come victory.

"If th' Priest Captain's outfit is on top," Young said grimly, "I guess we've about got t' th' end of a division; an' there's not much chance of our changin' engines an' keepin' on with th' run." To which figurative suggestion Rayburn gave an immediate grunt of assent.

But at that very instant there was a lull in the tumult outside, and we heard a voice that I recognized as Tizoc's loudly calling to us; and to his hail, that carried such joyful meaning with it, I joyfully and loudly answered. To Rayburn and Young, of course, the call was unintelligible, nor did they recognize the voice of him who called, and they therefore were disposed to think when I fell to shouting that my brain was addled. However, they changed their views a minute or two later—the dead body resting against the curtain having been thrown aside, and the curtain itself torn down—when they saw Tizoc's friendly face outside the bars, and then saw the bars rapidly removed.

"Colonel," said Young, very seriously, as we stepped forth thankfully once more into the sunshine, "you may not know what a brick is, but you are one. Shake!" and very much to Tizoc's astonishment, though he perceived that the act was meant to express great friendliness, Young most vigorously shook his hand. Under more favorable circumstances, Tizoc, no doubt, would have asked for an explanation of this curious ceremony; but just then his whole mind was given to making good his retreat, and so securing us against recapture. There was not a moment to lose, he said; throughout the city the priests everywhere were rallying forces to Itzacoatl's support, and at any instant we might be attacked. As he spoke he drew us away with him toward the street, where the main body of his men still remained—for only a small part of them had joined in scaling the roof and so taking the enemy by surprise in the rear.

"But what of Pablo, our young companion?" I asked, stopping short as I spoke.

"My men are looking for him; they will find him in a moment; he surely is safe; he may be already outside. Come."

The possibility that Pablo truly might be outside of the building was the only argument that could have induced us to leave it without him; and that possibility was so reasonable a one that we made no more delay. Indeed, we fully realized the necessity for promptness. From all parts of the city came a humming, angry sound which assured us that everywhere the people were aroused; and Tizoc bade us arm ourselves, with what weapons we could use most effectively among those which were scattered about the pavement of the court-yard, as we surely would have need of weapons soon. A sword was the only instrument of warfare of which I had knowledge—which knowledge was acquired during my German student days—and I took, therefore, one of the heavy maccahuitls; and the others also, excepting Fray Antonio, similarly armed themselves each with a sword that they found lying beside the dead hand that never would wield it more. It was as we obeyed Tizoc's order that we saw how fierce and how bloody the fight had been: for the court-yard was red with blood like a slaughter-house, and over the stones everywhere dead bodies were lying, all cut and gashed with ghastly wounds. Excepting a few of Tizoc's men, who had bound up their hurts and who staggered along with us, not a wounded man remained alive; whence we inferred that the fight had been waged on strictly barbarous principles, and that no quarter had been given. And of this we had proof; for as we passed through the guard-room we found there a moaning wretch, belonging to the Priest Captain's party, in whose chest was a great hole made by a spear-thrust—and at a sign from Tizoc one of our men stepped aside and with a blow of his heavy sword coolly mashed in the wounded man's skull, and so finished him.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1722.

The metal grating that closed the entrance had been raised by Tizoc's people from the inside, and we passed out beneath it to where the main body of his men was drawn up in readiness to march. But of Pablo and El Sabio there was no sign. Tizoc was not less distressed by the loss of the lad than we were; for he had counted upon the moral effect which the exhibition of Pablo and El Sabio most certainly would produce to aid powerfully in fomenting the spirit of revolt. When, therefore, we refused to go forward until further search had been made, he did not oppose us; but he told us plainly that further looking for him in that place was useless, for already every room in the building had been examined without the finding of a trace of him. There could be no doubt, he said, that when we had been made prisoners Pablo, and El Sabio with him, had been taken up the stair to the temple for greater security; in which place, if they were not both by this time dead, they still remained. Whereupon Young was for making an attack upon the temple instantly, and in this project Rayburn and I warmly seconded him; and even Fray Antonio said that this was a case in which he felt justified in using carnal weapons, since the fighting would be to rescue from among infidels a Christian soul.

But Tizoc hurriedly explained to us the hopelessness, at that time, of such an assault. The success that had attended his bold rescue of us had been due to the suddenness of it; for the majority of the people in the city, including the large force of soldiery there, assuredly were on the Priest Captain's side. It was outside the city that the strength of the revolution must be gathered; and his orders were, when his rescue of us should be accomplished, to carry us safely out beyond the walls with all possible speed. Such of the Council of the Twenty Lords as had decided to take the chances of revolt—being all the members of that body save the five priests that had belonged to it—already had gone down to the water-side, together with the small force that they had gathered, that they might seize the water-gate and hold it until we should join them. Even now it was certain that in going down through the city we should have to fight our way, and each moment that we delayed our retreat increased our danger. Capturing the temple now was a sheer impossibility. Our only hope of saving Pablo's life lay in our getting away promptly, and so beginning the preparations that would lead to ultimate victory.

All the while that Tizoc spoke, he was edging us away toward the outer face of the terrace, where steps led downward; and when the men who had been searching the building once more for Pablo returned without him, he resolutely gave the order to march. To the arguments that he had advanced, we were compelled to yield; but our hearts were heavy with sorrow for the boy whom we were leaving behind us, and little hope was in our breasts that we ever again should see him alive.

The truth of Tizoc's words about the great danger that we ourselves were in became apparent as we crossed the terrace next below that on which our march began. Where the street passed through the rampart by a narrow portal, and so by a flight of stone steps descended to the next level, soldiers were clustered together with the evident intention of disputing the way with us. Their number was so much less than ours that we made short work of them; killing a few and driving the remainder down the steps before us. But those who escaped ran on ahead of us to where the next rampart was, and there joined themselves to a much larger body that lay in wait for us. Here our work was less easy; for the force that confronted us was nearly our equal, and some resolute fighting was required before we could drive it before us and so pass on. Some of our men were killed there, and more of the enemy; and I got a trifling hurt in my arm from the point of a javelin, that luckily did little more than graze the skin. I do not think that I killed anybody there; but I remember very plainly the look of pain and of anger on the face of that fellow who poked his javelin at me when I gashed his arm, and broke the bone of it, with a blow from my sword. I was glad, at the moment, that I had succeeded in giving him a worse hurt than he had given me; and then the absurdity occurred to me of my thus fighting with a total stranger, against whom I had no personal ill-will; and I could not but feel sorrow for him as I thought of the long time that he must suffer severe pain and great inconvenience because I had chanced to strike him that blow. However, from the way in which they went cutting and slashing about them, it was evident that neither Rayburn nor Young were troubled with any compunctions of this nature. They were only too glad, apparently, to get a chance to whack away at any of the Priest Captain's representatives; and they made such use of their opportunity that the Aztlanecas fighting with us cried out in admiration of their prowess and their strength. Fray Antonio was more sorely tried than any of us during this passage; for I knew that his flesh greatly longed to take part in the fighting, and that only the strong spirit which was within him subdued the flesh and so held his hands.

With a final rush we succeeded in forcing the enemy through the narrow opening in the rampart, and so down the steps beyond; but as we pursued them across the next terrace, keeping close at their heels so that they might not have time to form again, many of our wounded fell out from the ranks and dropped by the way; and we had left behind us a dozen or more of our dead on the ground where the fight had been.

Our tactics of rapid pursuit of the force that we had defeated served us well at the next rampart; for the men whom we pursued and we ourselves came to it almost in one body—and thus threw into such confusion the fresh force that was waiting for us that, without any long fighting about it, we drove right through them and went on downward; and in the same dashing fashion we carried the rampart beyond. However, when these men whom we had pushed aside from our path so easily got over their surprise at being so lightly handled, they formed in our rear and came hurrying after us; the result of which was that as we approached the last of the ramparts that we had to pass through, where was gathered the largest body of men that we had yet encountered, we found ourselves fairly wedged in between two bodies of the enemy and outnumbered four to one. Here, too, the passage through the rampart had been closed by the metal bars that were in readiness for that purpose. Setting these in place was no real barrier to our passage: for, being intended to close the portal against assailants from below, the fastenings which held them were on the side nearest to us. But to remove them it was necessary that we should fight our way through the crowd—with no possibility of driving the enemy before us as we had done upon the upper terraces, since here the way was closed. What we did was literally to cut a path through the throng; and over the men who fell dead or wounded beneath our blows we made our advance. There was a curious creeping, uneasy sensation in the region of my stomach as I trod thus on the bodies of wounded men who were not dead yet, and felt them moving, and heard their groaning; and I was conscious of a feeling of relief when a body that I trod upon did not squirm beneath my foot, and so by its stillness assured me that I was standing only on dead flesh that had no feeling in it.

Very slowly did we go forward; for while the living barrier that we had to deal with was not at the outset more than twenty feet, or thereabouts, in thickness, hacking it down took us a tediously long time. While still we faced a dozen or more very desperate fighters, who held us off most resolutely from the metal bars which closed the way, a pang of dread and sorrow went through me as I perceived that Fray Antonio, who a moment before had been close beside me, had disappeared. That he might the better restrain his longing to take part in the fighting, he had remained in the centre of our men; and it was hard to understand how, in that position, harm could have come to him; for missiles had no share in the work that was going forward, which was a fiery struggle hand to hand.

As I looked for him in the throng—so far as I could do this and at the same time keep up my guard against the man whom at that moment I was fighting with—I saw some signs of uneasy movement among the enemy in advance of us; and several of them evidently made an effort to reach down as though to get at something that was on the ground—which effort was wholly futile, for they were wedged so tightly together by our pressure upon them that reaching downward was impossible. By a lucky blow, I just then finished the man with whom I was contending, and so had a moment's breathing spell; and at that instant I saw one of the enemy, whose back was ranged against the bars, rise up in the air as though a strong spring had been loosed beneath him, and then fall sidewise upon the heads and shoulders of his fellows. And then, in the place thus made vacant, the cowled head of Fray Antonio instantly appeared: whereby I guessed, what afterward I knew certainly, that he had crawled along the ground through the press until he reached the place that he aimed at, and then had risen up beneath one of the enemy with such sudden violence that he fairly had sent the man spinning upward into the air. What his purpose was, I saw in a moment; for no sooner did he stand upright than he had his hands upon the metal bars; and then I heard the clinking together of stone and metal as he lifted them bodily away.

XXIV.—THE AFFAIR AT THE WATER-GATE.

Rayburn gave a great roar of gladness as the clinking sound made him turn and he saw what was going forward; and Young and I joined him in lusty Anglo-Saxon cheering; while our allies, in the savage fashion natural to them, vented their joy in shrill yells. In the midst of which cheering and yelling we pushed forward so hotly that the enemy, disconcerted by this sudden shifting of fortune in our favor, and the men directly in front of us being most seriously incommoded by their comrade lying sprawled out and kicking upon their heads and shoulders, seemed suddenly to lose heart so completely that we had no difficulty in cutting them down. Even had they not been too closely wedged in to turn upon Fray Antonio, our strong dashing upon them would have compelled them to leave him unharmed in order to defend themselves; and so it was that by the time we had cut a path to the portal, the monk had released the whole tier of bars from their fastenings, and the way was free.

As we sprang down the steps—with Fray Antonio, once more in the guise of a non-combatant, safe in the midst of our company—we heard a great outcry from below, and saw a considerable body of men marching up toward us steadily from the water-side; but the alarm that sight of them gave us was only momentary, for their shouts, and the shouts of our men in answer, showed us that these were friends come to our support. However, we had no great need of them; for those of the enemy whom we left alive behind us seemed suddenly to have grown sick of fighting, and made no attempt to follow after us down the stairs. Yet the coming of this supporting force, to be just in the matter, no doubt was the saving of us; for more than half of the men who had been with us when we started on our march down through the city had been slain by the way; and nearly all in our company were more or less disabled by wounds. Tizoc and Young and Rayburn had come through it all without so much as a scratch, and because of their extraordinary strength these three were almost as fresh as when the fighting began; but the rest of us were sorely weary, and our breathing was so heavy and so tremulous that each breath was like a long-drawn sob. Truly, then, we were glad to fall in in advance of the supporting column, and so make our way, with a strong rear-guard for our protection, across the bit of level land that lay between us and the lake.

At the water-side boats were in readiness for us, and here we found also the members of the Council who had ordered, and who were the recognized leaders of, the revolt. There was still more fighting ahead of us, for the necessity of sending back the relief party had prevented the seizing of the water-gate; and this was a matter that had to be attended to quickly, for we could see bodies of men coming down several of the streets in pursuit of us, and unless we escaped outside the wall before they overtook us there was a strong and dismal probability that our whole plan would fail. Therefore we tumbled aboard the boats with all possible rapidity, and while the pursuing parties still were far in our rear we shoved off from the shore.

Two minutes' quick rowing sufficed to carry our flotilla of boats across the basin, and so brought us to the long pier that extended landward from beside the water-gate, and from which an open stairway ascended to the top of the wall. On the pier there was no one at all to oppose our landing; and the force on the wall was not likely to be a large one, for the outbreak had come so suddenly that there had been no time to increase the small detail maintained in this position in times of peace. Only a few of our men, therefore—thirty or forty, perhaps—were ordered out of the boats to the attack; of which the leader was Tizoc, and with which Rayburn and Young went as volunteers. I also would have joined the party; but Rayburn, knowing that I was slightly wounded, begged me to stay where I was; and Young, as he ran up the stairs, called back to me: "You just see that they keep steam up, Professor. We'll attend t' takin' off th' brakes."

What went on above us, on top of the wall, we could not see; but the work done there was done quickly. There was a little shouting, a sound of arms clashing, and then four or five men—as though this were the easiest way of getting rid of them—were thrown over the parapet, and fell near us in the water. To these short shrift was given. As they came to the surface, our fellows instantly finished them with a spear-thrust or two. Then we heard the sound of a windlass creaking, and the clanking of chains; and as we looked through the opening in the wall we saw the grating that closed its further end rise slowly until the way before us was free. Two of our boats already were in the passage, so that no time might be lost; and as these passed out into the lake, the others followed after them rapidly. One boat remained to bring off the attacking party; and we wondered a little because its coming was a good while delayed. But we wondered still more when it joined us at last, and we found that Tizoc and Young and Rayburn were not in it; indeed, at that moment, I saw the three of them standing together on top of the wall. In answer to the shout that I gave, Rayburn leaned over the wall and motioned to me to keep silence; and so I knew that they had not been left behind through treachery, but were staying there because they had some plan against the enemy that they thus could execute. And for knowledge of what their plan was, we did not have to wait long.

As we lay on our oars, off the outer end of the water-gate, we could see through it into the basin that lay before the city; and in a very few minutes the pursuing boats of the enemy came into view. As they neared us, we saw standing in the bow of the leading boat the same officer who had commanded the guard that had brought us as prisoners before the Priest Captain, the man of whom I have spoken, for what his real title was, I do not know, as the barge-master. He was calling to his men savagely to row faster; for our boats were so scattered that he only could see the one in which we happened to be, and he doubtless imagined that the others had gone forward, and that this one waited to carry off some of our men who yet remained on the wall. He evidently hoped to be able to cut us off from the rest of our party, and his eagerness had so communicated itself to his oarsmen that his boat led the others by nearly a hundred yards. So far as this one boat was concerned, we felt no alarm; for the moment that it came out through the wall, our whole force was ready to dash upon it: yet we wondered why Tizoc permitted even a single boat to come out to the attack, when, by dropping the grating, they all could be penned in so effectually as to give us the advantage of a long start.

As the boat neared the water-gate the barge-master went back from his place in the bow to the middle part of it, and there crouched down; and some soldiers who were standing crouched down also; and almost as the bow entered the low narrow passage the oars were unshipped and taken aboard. So cleverly was the unshipping of the oars managed, and so good was the steering, that the boat shot into the passage under full speed; and so came nearly through it before losing headway. And we, who were nearest to it, got our arms in readiness; for we were convinced that in another minute the barge-master would lay us aboard. But this was not destined to be; nor were the men in that boat destined ever to do any more fighting in this world.

All this while Rayburn had stood close by the parapet, bending over it, and intently watching the outside of the water-gate, above which the heavy metal grating had been hauled up, in the metal grooves that it ran in, almost to the top of the wall. At the moment that the bow of the boat showed outside the opening, he raised his hand as though signalling to Young and Tizoc behind him; and in that same instant we heard the shrieking of the windlass and the quick clanking of the unwinding chains, and saw the metal grating rushing down the face of the wall. With all the force generated by the fall from so great a height of so ponderous a body, the grating came crashing into the boat just amidships; fairly dividing its heavy timbers, and forcing the fragments of it, together with all the men that it carried, down into the water's depths. But the barge-master died by a quicker death than drowning. He still was crouched in the middle of the boat, and the sharp angle of the lower bar of the grating struck him just on the nape of his neck so keenly that his head was cut off and seemed of itself to spring forward and away from him; while the broad flat bar, coming down upon his bowed shoulders, crushed his body into a mere quivering mass of flesh.

A great yell of delight went up from our boats as this brilliant stroke so brilliantly was delivered; and an answering cry of triumph—that was one-third a yell and two-thirds a cheer—came back from Tizoc and the others on top of the wall. However, they had no time to waste in shouting over their success; for the remaining boats of the enemy had come by this time to the pier inside the wall, and it seemed highly probable that in a minute or two more our three men would be prisoners. But for all their danger they coolly finished the work that they had in hand. As they explained to me afterward, Rayburn stood at the head of the stair to hold the enemy in check should they come before the work was finished—and very strong as well as very brave must the man have been who would have ventured to attack him as he occupied that position of overpowering advantage—while the other two cast off from the windlass the chains by which the water-gate was operated and dropped them over the wall into the lake: and as the gate itself was jammed and wedged fast by the fragments of the boat, this throwing down of the chains made the raising of it a serious undertaking that well might require a day or more to accomplish.

As the chains fell with a splash, and we comprehended the thoroughness of the work that these three were doing, our people burst forth into yells again; and a perfect roar went up from them when, the gate being closed and the apparatus for raising it being entirely disabled, Rayburn sprang from the outer edge of the parapet into the lake, and Tizoc and Young instantly followed him. In truth, a more gallant feat of arms had not been essayed, nor carried to a more triumphant conclusion, since the Roman gate was held by Horatius; and in my admiration of it I shouted until the muscles of my throat were strained and aching. Our boat already was near the wall—having pulled in that the soldiers aboard of it might spear such of the enemy as came up to the surface alive—and we had the three out of the water and safe among us in very short order; and then we pulled away toward the other boats with all possible speed: for the wall now was manned by the enemy, and they were beginning to make things unpleasantly hot for us with the heavy stones which they heaved over the parapet that our boat might be sunk by them, and by a rapid discharge of darts. Luckily none of the stones struck us, and because of the rapid way that we were making only two of our men were struck with the darts. So, on the whole, we came out of this encounter very well; for these two men killed in our boat were all that we lost, while of the enemy at least forty were drowned or speared. However, we owed our light escape mainly to the fact that the enemy, having armed hurriedly, and expecting only to fight with us at close quarters, had with them neither bows nor slings; but for which fortunate fact it scarcely is possible that a single man in our boat would have come off alive.

Dripping wet though they were, I fairly hugged Rayburn and Young when they were safe aboard with us, as did also Fray Antonio—whose daring spirit was mightily aroused by witnessing their splendid bravery. And in giving them hearty words of praise for what they had done—which yet fell far short of their deserts—I naturally likened them to the Roman hero. Indeed, I may say that the parallel that I there drew was an apt one, and in some of its turns was not devoid of grace.

"I can't say, Professor," Young answered, when I had finished, "that I ever heard o' th' party you refer to; but if this Horace—what did you say his last name was?—pinched his fingers in th' drawbridge chains as damnably as I pinched mine in th' chains of that infernal grating, I'll bet a hat he was sorry that he hadn't run away!" And I truly believe that Young thought more about his pinched fingers than he did about the resolute bravery that he had shown in finishing his work upon the wall in the very face of the advancing enemy.

Being once out of range of the darts, we pulled toward the other boats leisurely; for now we were entirely safe against pursuit, and were free to go upon the lake in whatsoever direction we pleased. That some positive line of action had been determined upon was evident; for the flotilla already was in motion as we came up in the rear of it—the boat containing the members of the Council leading—and the order was passed back to us that we should follow with the rest. From the direction in which we were heading, Tizoc inferred that we were bound for the only other considerable town in the valley—that which had grown up around the shafts leading to the great mine whence the Aztlanecas drew their supply of gold. There was a very grave look upon his face as he told us of our probable destination; and presently added that the population of this town—save the few freemen who were in charge of the workings, and the large guard of soldiers that always was maintained there—was made up wholly of Tlahuicos who had been selected from their fellows to be miners because of their exceptional hardiness and strength.

It was among these men, he went on to tell us, speaking in a low, guarded voice, that the most dangerous of the revolts of the Tlahuicos invariably had their origin; for the miners were fierce, half-savage creatures, naturally turbulent and rebellious, and were stirred constantly to resentful anger because of the life of crushing toil that they were condemned to lead. So dangerous were they that the only effective means of keeping them in subjection was to hold the major part of them continually prisoners underground in the mine, with a guard stationed at the mouth of each shaft under orders to kill instantly any man who attempted to come forth from the mine without authority. In order that their labor, a thing of positive value, might not be lost through their dying of being thus imprisoned in the bowels of the earth, they were divided into ten great companies; each one of which, in regular order, was employed in the surface work, under the constant supervision of a strong guard. Yet even these stern measures were not wholly effective in preventing mutiny. Many times great revolts had broken out here that had set all the valley in an uproar, and that had been crushed only after pitched battles had been fought between the rebels and the entire military force of the state. The town was a veritable volcano, Tizoc declared; and because of the dread of it that universally obtained by reason of the frequent outbursts there of lawless violence, it had received the name of Huitzilan: the Town of War.

And there could be no doubt, he added—while the tones of his voice and the look upon his face showed how great he believed to be the risk involved in this line of policy—that in now directing our course toward the mining town the deliberate purpose of the Council was to incite these semi-savage, wholly desperate miners to join forces with us in our rising against the Priest Captain's power.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STIR IN CHICKENDOM.

Ever since last November the inner circles of Chickendom have been all agog over the great New York show. A tiny sheet, called *Show-Room Squibs*, has been sent out monthly, giving full information as to the progress of the arrangements, and no stone was left unturned to make the show a great success, both for the management and also (sometimes a quite different thing) for the exhibitors. The American Institute Building proved an ideal place, and the arrangements were perfect. There was ample room, yet the 2232 entries, disposed in long solid lines of neat wire coops, surrounded by the fine pens devoted to breeding yards, and these in turn by the incubators and brooders, and the poultry papers on the broad platform around the outside, filled the main hall very comfortably. The basin around the fountain in the centre was partly floored just above the water, and, surrounded and divided into compartments by netting, and trimmed with evergreen, made a congenial home for the water-fowl. In fact, the only thing that was not under perfect control was the crowing of the rival cocks.

Besides the usual regular premiums there were countless specials, those in the pigeon classes alone amounting to nearly $400, while those for the other classes counted up nearly $1000 more. The largest specials were in the light Brahma classes, and as these premiums are always eagerly striven for, the offerings called out strong competition. There were 124 entries, including birds from New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and even from Ohio. All these aside from the numerous pens offered for sale. So large and fine an exhibit is seldom seen. The competitive show of the lordly dark Brahmas embraced some 40 specimens. The specials for these included one of $50 in gold for the best display of dark Brahmas at the show, offered by L. Waterbury, of New York city; yet it was noticeable that all the birds exhibited, except two, belonged to two men—the one an officer of the society, and the other one of the judges.

The very large entry of beautiful though unwieldly buff Cochins, 121 in all, included 47 pullets. The well-grown pullets are always the finest birds at any show or in any breed, and this class was made specially attractive by the large number of these, and specially interesting by the presence of two huge cocks from England, valued at $200 each, which had feathers enough for a small pillow on their legs alone, they being full-feathered for their entire length. These birds, and, indeed, those of all the large breeds, are bred nowadays with *two pairs of wings*—one pair on their bodies, the other on their feet—yet, strange to say, they fly with extreme difficulty.

There were some 90 entries of black Langshans, including one from Illinois valued at $50. White Langshans showed 15 entries, most of which were from Passaic, New Jersey. The names of the chief actors in the late bitter controversy about this breed appeared in the catalogue with but a single exhibit each. This is one of the newest breeds, and its characteristics are not yet well fixed. The strife has advertised it well, but whether to its advantage or its detriment remains to be seen.

The three other breeds which are hailed as new on this side the water are the Indian games, the red caps, and the black Orpingtons. The attempt to boom these last does not seem to have amounted to much here as yet, as they did not materialize at all, no specimens being entered. The red caps were represented by 20 specimens, all but two from Lockport, New York. This is a handsome breed, but the great cap of a comb is little improvement over the single comb of the brown Leghorn, which they much resemble. Aside from their awkward, long-legged shape, there were no handsomer utility fowls at the show than the Indian games, of which specimens were shown, most of them from the Lockport red cap man. There were also a number from Long Island, 3 entries from Elmira, valued at $50 each, and 5 from Scotland, Europe.

The late greatly revived interest in the barred Plymouth Rock was helped along by $120 in specials offered, and attested to by the presence of 120 specimens, mostly cockerels and pullets, and many of them extremely fine. No bird better combines utility and beauty.

The four varieties of Wyandottes—silver, golden, black, and white—showed in all 190 entries. The highest silver-laced cockerel scored, if I remember rightly, but ninety-two and a half points, due, no doubt, to the fact that it is a most difficult breed to get true to feather. Those of the golden variety shown would almost have done to photograph for ideal specimens. The whites were very numerous. They are having a special boom because of their adaptability (from color and shape) to make fine broilers.

The best Leghorns in the country were on hand, and the great popularity of these breeds was shown by the more than 200 competing specimens. In single-comb browns, Rahway, (New Jersey), Waterville, East Chatham, and Owego (New York), were specially noted. There also were several fine whites from Fabius, New York.

Black Minorcas came largely from Fabius, New York, but a few high-priced ones were from Scotland. Whites were conspicuous by their absence, none being entered.

White-crested black Polish were noticeable both for number and beauty, most of them being from New York State. Some from Afton, New York, showed crests as evenly combed back as a fashionable lady's Pompadour.

The secretary showed some fine buff Pekin bantams, valued at from $18 to $20 each; and a young lady from Brooklyn showed two specimens, valued respectively at $100 and $150.

There was a light display of eggs and dressed poultry for competition, utility evidently not being a high card; but the assembled hens, learning that the eggs laid on the spot would be devoted to the New York Hospital, passed a majority resolution to shell out.

Six makes of incubators were in competition, three of them on largest hatch at the show. One man made a showing of 250 ducks and 150 chicks from a total of 480 eggs brought to the city in his trunk, and the brooders were full of small fry, and the machines piled high with shells. Ducklings were offered for sale at 50 cents each, and chicklets at 25 cents.

There was a fine lot of Chinese golden pheasants at $30 per pair, and the pigeons were wonderful in beauty and variety, being shown in 130 different classes. Numerous fine carriers were noted, both black and dun, at prices ranging from $50 to $150. Most of these were owned in New York city. Some noticeable yellow pied pouter cocks were from Lawrence, Massachusetts, and a fine red pied pouter from Scotland. There were some fine black Jacobins from Montclair, New Jersey, and one also from Scotland, and a few yellow Jacobins from Glen Riddle, Pennsylvania. About the prettiest sight at the show, however, was the flocks of white and yellow fantails. One pen of twenty whites in a prominent position was in constant motion, that made one think of white-caps in the sunshine. The effect was indescribably beautiful.

In the sales department there were 74 offerings, one pen of buff Cochins being valued at $400, and another at $250. One of Plymouth Rocks was also held at $250.

The numberless appliances on sale and the shower of circulars seemed to prove that there is plenty of money in the poultry business for those who know how to handle it. Patent water dishes, brooders, etc., were in abundance, and the newly invented clover cutter was on hand, ready "to fill a long-felt want."

C. S. Valentine.

THE RACKET-COURT.

Rackets is essentially a masculine game. Whereas it is among the possibilities that a woman may make a fair lawn-tennis player, it is doubtful whether she could ever become proficient in the racket-court. It is not so much physical strength that is necessary as a call upon the player for the greatest degree of activity. A man to master the game must be as agile as a panther, and to a quick eye annex judgment with skill in the handling of his racket. It has, however, this great advantage over lawn-tennis. It is a game which is easily comprehensible. The tyro at once understands the method of serving, the way of counting, and in a short time appreciates the skill of the performers.

There is no such thing as dawdling at rackets. The good player, the instant the ball is served, must know intuitively where it will land. The man with a slow personal equation can never hope to become more than a commonplace performer. The exercise is a strong one, then, and made for men. The blow imparted to the ball requires not so much main strength, but it must be sharp and quick, and delivered with precision. To be all over the court, and to take the ball on the racket and impart a new impulse to it, require a rapidity of movement in which the legs are the great factors.

There is no game which brings more in prominence the distinguishing qualities of the athlete. It is the type not of a passive but an active sport, where elegance of movement and rapidity are combined. The fumbler and potterer score no aces. As to the real pleasure in it, a game of rackets between two such fine performers as Mr. Albert Wright, of the New York Racket Club, and his clever Boston adversary was nothing short of an hour of excitement from opening to finish. The peculiarity of the game can be at once understood when the character of the ball is explained. Taking the cricket ball as the Brobdingnagian type, the racket ball is Lilliputian. It is a little sphere covered with white leather just one and five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, and weighs three-quarters of an ounce. When this is struck with a catgut-covered racket, the catgut strung as tight as a piano wire, and this racket twenty-four inches long, and wielded by a muscular arm, the rapidity of the flight of that three-quarters of an ounce ball would surprise even a base-ball player accustomed to a hot delivery. The little white ball shoots like a tiny meteor.

The court is 63 feet long by 31½ feet wide, and is surrounded by walls 28 feet high. The pavement is either of cement, asphalt, or made with flagging. The walls are of brick covered with a smooth hard cement. On the front wall, against which the balls are served, there stretches a black line, ten feet from the floor; and when the ball is started or served, it must strike above it. On the base of this wall there is fastened a plank of wood painted black. When a ball is hit there, it does not count. It is called the "telltale," for the balls invariably go with such momentum that when they strike this board they make themselves heard at once.

Appreciating the fact that rackets are played between four walls in a certain confined place, we have a game where the ball sent by the player against the front wall may rebound and strike not the floor but the side wall, and even be carried then with another rebound toward the back wall, to be picked up on its rapid flight forward again by the adversary. Now it can be seen how quick must be the movements of the player in order to follow the minute ball in its eccentric flight.

At the New York club the courts are painted of a deep terra-cotta brown. Colors of courts vary, however, for in India they are white, and the balls are covered with black leather. It is a game requiring the best of light, with no false glares. To be counted among the oldest games, always played in England, it is now enjoying a renaissance in the United States. From the clubs now existing in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia as centres, it is believed that a love for rackets will emanate. At the match held last week at the New York Racket Club the merits of the game were manifest. If the palm of victory is to-day held in New York by Mr. Albert Wright, how long it will remain here no one can say. Skilled amateurs in all the various clubs are numerous. In the courts of the New York club the tiny ball is always whizzing, and the rattle of it as it strikes the telltale, with the clatter of the racket, is constantly heard.

IN-DOOR BASE-BALL.

Next to sailing a yacht race in-doors, the playing of base-ball in-doors appears at first sight about the most ridiculously impossible form of diversion one could conceive of. But this is a fast age; and it would be hardly safe to say for certain that during the next ten or twenty years yacht races may not be sailed under glass and before a grand stand. Certainly base-ball has been tamed.

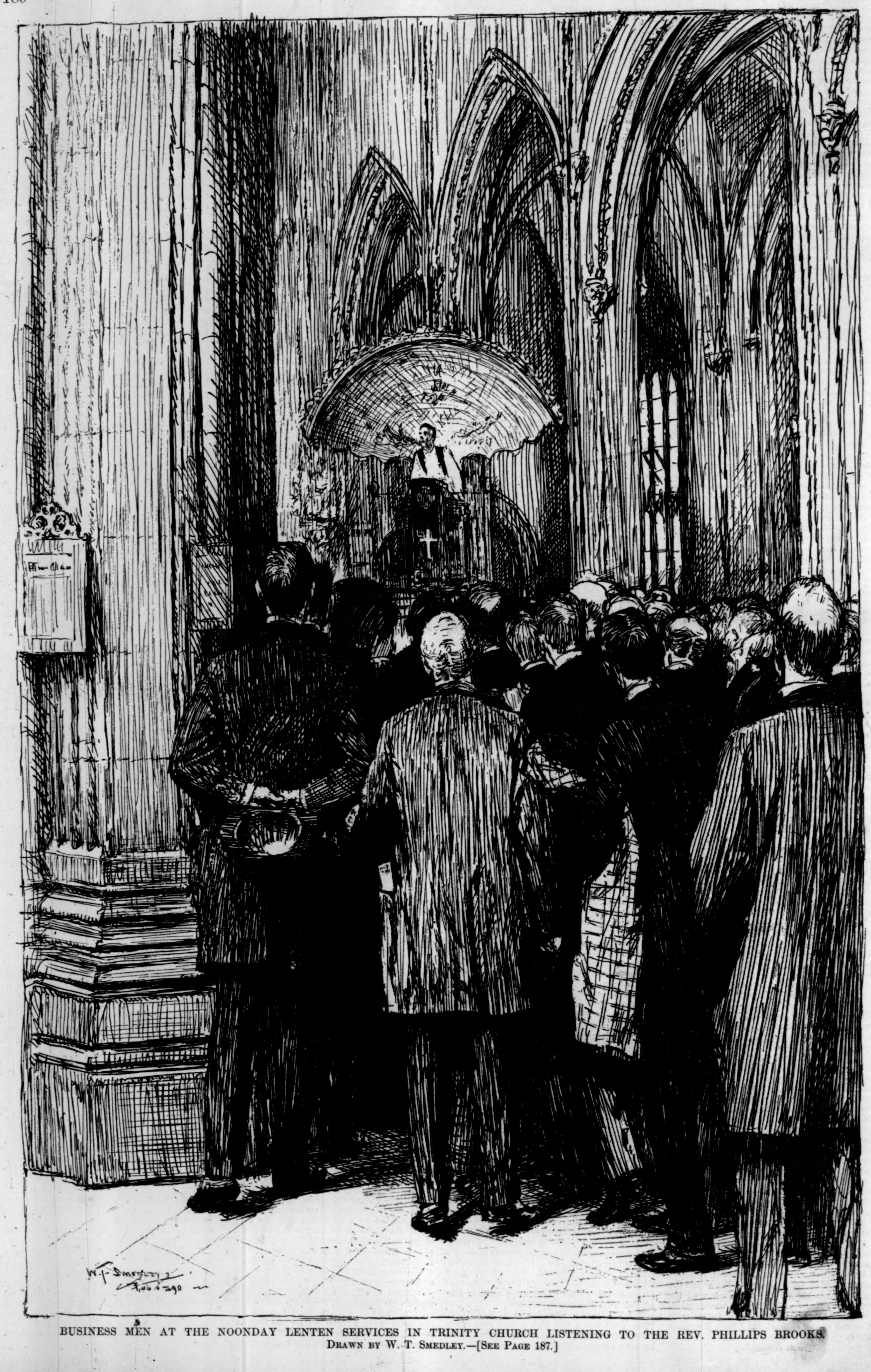
In-door base-ball has not the slightest resemblance to parlor croquet; neither does it bear exactly the same relation to the normal game that roller-skating bears to skating on ice. It is more genuine than either of those, and has come now to be recognized as a legitimate form of winter sport.

The playing of base-ball takes room—lots of it—consequently it is only in some such immense hall as that of the Seventh Regiment in New York, or that of the Thirteenth Regiment in Brooklyn, that the sport can be enjoyed. The accompanying illustration shows one of the regimental games at the Brooklyn armory in progress. These games have been kept up all winter. The companies have got up a regular "league" among themselves, with a schedule and a pennant, and the whole paraphernalia. Companies H and K have been ahead most of the time. The cadets are well up on the list, and at one time threatened to beat all their elders.

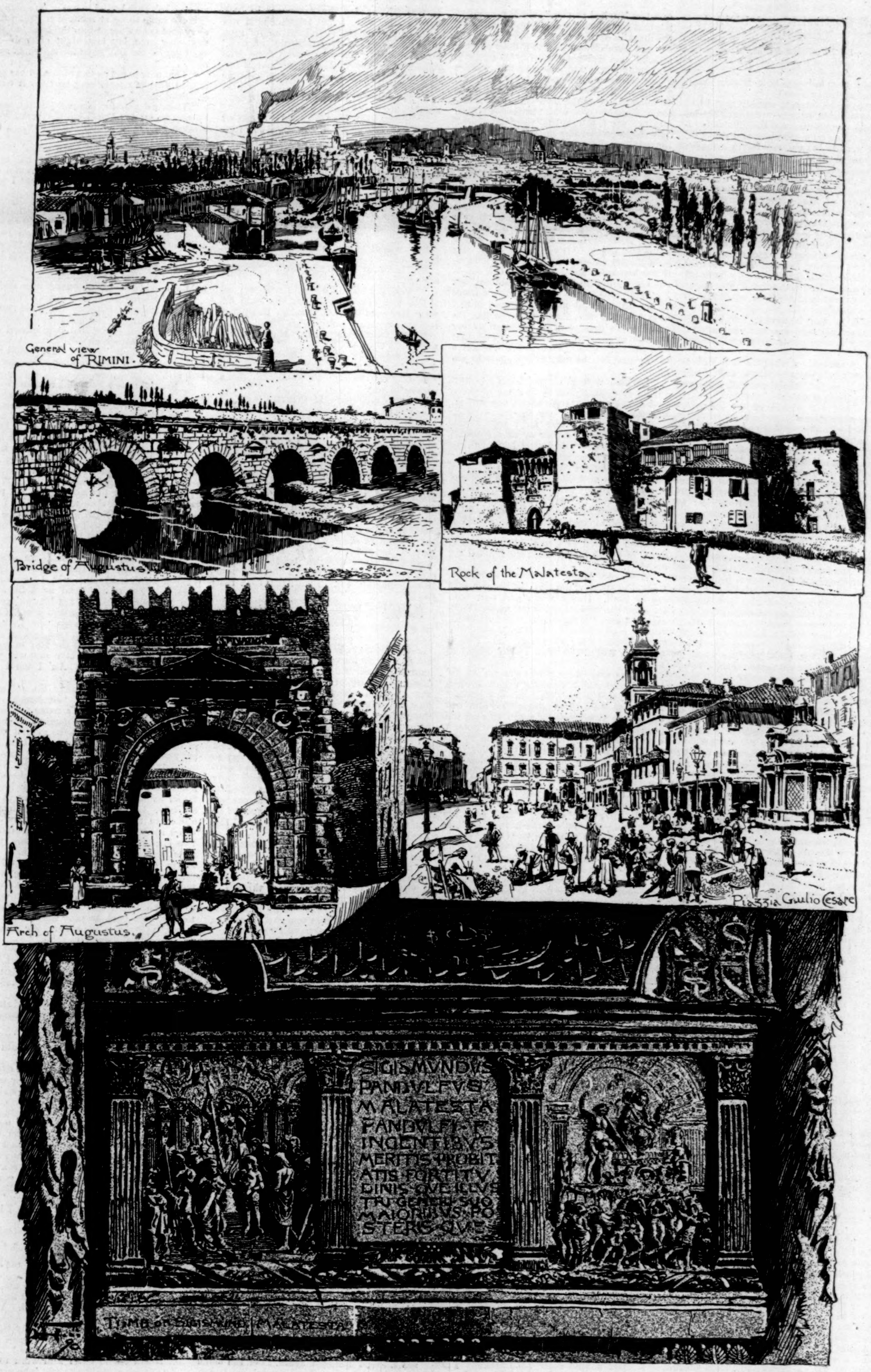
This game is one of the almost countless recreations or forms of activity that have been made possible by the electric light. A few years ago such a thing would have been utterly impossible. Base-ball by gas-light or candle-light might send a few patients to the hospital, but it could never be a recreation for anybody, or a pleasure to either players or spectators. When the light is dim or imperfect it is impossible to "judge" a ball. It reaches you sooner than you expect, and accuracy in catching is out of the question. With the electric light, however, all is different. Players still have some difficulty in "judging" balls, and at first there are a great many "muffs" and "fumbles," but the eye soon becomes accustomed to the new conditions. Whether one could play equally well both out-doors and in-doors the same day or week is doubtful.

The armory games are very welcome as a winter diversion, and that for many reasons. In the first place, they can be played in the evening—the only spare time most of the young militiamen have. Even in the summer they can play very little base-ball, because of the lack of time. During the Saturday half-holiday season they have a chance; and every Saturday afternoon Prospect Park fairly swarms with ball-players; but this opportunity of playing in the evening is just what was wanted. In the second place, this is a good winter sport. In summer it would be too hot to play ball in-doors by the electric light. Again, these games afford players a chance to keep in practice during the "off" season. They help to raise the *esprit de corps* of certain companies. They promote good-fellowship in the regiment. They help to develop the physique of a number of young men.

There is always, of course, the danger that any new sport will be overdone—as roller-skating was, for instance. But the officers of the Thirteenth Regiment are not likely to allow the base-ball mania to go so far as to interfere with the regular regimental work; nor are they likely to forget that the militia is organized for military purposes primarily, and not necessarily for athletic sport at all.



BUSINESS MEN AT THE NOONDAY LENTEN SERVICES IN TRINITY CHURCH LISTENING TO THE REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS.
DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 187.]


General view of RIMINI
Bridge of Augustus
Rock of the Malatesta
Arch of Augustus
Piazzia Giulio Cesare
SIGISMVNDVS
PANDVLFVS
MALATESTA
PANDVLFI F
INGENTIBVS
MERITIS PROBIT
ATIS FORTITV
DINIS QVE ILLVS
TRI GENERI SVO
MAIORIBVS PO
STERISQVE
TOMB OF SIGISMUND MALATESTA

RIMINI.—Drawn by Harry Fenn, from Photographs.—[See Page 187.]

THE COURTING OF DINAH SHADD.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

II.

"DID I ever tell you how Dinah Shadd came to be wife av mine?"

I dissembled a burning anxiety that I had felt for some months—ever since Dinah Shadd, the strong, the patient, and the infinitely tender, had, of her own good love and free-will, washed a shirt for me, moving in a barren land where washing was not.

"I can't remember," I said, casually. "Was it before or after you made love to Annie Bragin, and got no satisfaction?"

The story of Annie Bragin is written in another place. It is one of the many episodes in Mulvaney's checkered career.

"Before—before—long before was that business av Annie Bragin an' the corp'ril's ghost. Never woman was the worse for me whin I had married Dinah. There's a time for all things, an' I know how to kape all things in place—barrin' the dhrink, that kapes me in my place, wid no hope av comin' to be aught else."

"Begin at the beginning," I insisted. "Mrs. Mulvaney told me that you married her when you were quartered in Krab Bokhar barracks."

"An' the same is a cess-pit," said Mulvaney, piously. "She spoke thrue, did Dinah. 'Twas this way. Talkin' av that, have ye iver fallen in love, sorr?"

I preserved the silence of the damned. Mulvaney continued:

"Thin I will assume that ye have not. *I* did. In the days av my youth, as I have more than wanst tould you, I was a man that filled the eye an' delighted the sowl av women. Niver man was hated as I have been. Niver man was loved as I—no, not within half a day's march av ut. For the first five years av my service, whin I was what I wud give my sowl to be now, I tuk whatever was widin my reach an' digested ut, an' that's more than most men can say. Dhrink I tuk, an' ut did me no harm. By the hollow av hiven, I cud play wid four women at wanst, an' kape thim from findin' out anything about the other three, and smile like a full-blown marigold through ut all. Dick Coulhan, of the battery we'll have down on us to-night, could dhrive his team no better than I mine; an' I hild the worser cattle. An' so I lived an' so I was happy, till afther that business wid Annie Bragin—she that turned me off as cool as a meat-safe, an' taught me where I stud in the mind av an honest woman. 'Twas no sweet dose to take.

"Afther that I sickened awhile, an' tuk thought to my reg'mental work, conceiting mesilf I wud study an' be a sargint, an' a major-gineral twinty minutes afther that. But on top o' my ambitiousness there was an empty place in my sowl, an' me own opinion av mesilf cud not fill ut. Sez I to mesilf: 'Terence, you're a great man an' the best set up in the reg'ment. Go on an' get promotion.' Sez mesilf to me, 'What for?' Sez I to mesilf, 'For the glory av ut.' Sez mesilf to me, 'Will that fill these two strong arrums av yours, Terence?' 'Go to the devil,' sez I to mesilf. 'Go to the married lines,' sez mesilf to me. ''Tis the same thing,' sez I to mesilf. 'Av you're the same man, ut is,' said mesilf to me. An' wid that I considhered on ut a long while. Did you iver feel that way, sorr?"

I snored gently, knowing that if Mulvaney were uninterrupted he would go on. The clamor from the bivouac fires beat up to the stars as the rival singers of the companies were pitted against each other.

"So I felt that way, an' a bad time ut was. Wanst, bein' a fool, I went into the married lines, more for the sake av spakin' to our ould color-sergint Shadd than for any thruck wid wimmen-folk. I was a corp'ril then—rejuced afterwards; but a corp'ril then. I've got a photograft av mesilf to prove ut. 'You'll take a cup av tay wid us?' sez he. 'I will that,' I sez; 'tho' tay is not my divarsion.' ''Twud be better for you if ut were,' sez ould Mother Shadd. An' she had ought to know, for Shadd, in the ind av his service, dhrunk bung-full each night.

"Wid that I tuk off my gloves—there was pipe-clay in thim so that they stud alone—an' pulled up my chair, lookin' round at the china ornamints an' bits av things in the Shadds' quarters. They were things that belonged to a woman, an' no camp kit, here to-day an' dishipated next. 'You're comfortable in this place, sergint,' sez I. ''Tis the wife that did ut, boy,' sez he, pointin' the stem av his pipe to ould Mother Shadd, an' she smacked the top av his bald head apon the compliment. 'That manes you want money,' sez she.

"An' thin—an' thin whin the kettle was to be filled, Dinah came in—my Dinah—her sleeves rowled up to the elbow, an' her hair in a gowlden glory over her forehead, the big blue eyes beneath twinklin' like stars on a frosty night, an' the tread of her two feet lighter than waste paper from the colonel's basket in ord'ly room when ut's emptied. Bein' but a shlip av a girl, she went pink at seein' me, an' I twisted me mustache an' looked at a picture forninst the wall. Never show a woman that ye care the snap av a finger for her, an' begad she'll come bleatin' to your boot heels."

"I suppose that's why you followed Annie Bragin till everybody in the married quarters laughed at you," said I, remembering that unhallowed wooing, and casting off the disguise of drowsiness.

"I'm layin' down the gin'ral theory av the attack," said Mulvaney, driving his foot into the dying fire. "If you read the *Soldier's Pocket-Book*, which never any soldier reads, you'll see that there are exceptions. When Dinah was out av the door (an' 'twas as tho' the sunlight had gone too), 'Mother av Hiven, sergint!' sez I, 'but is that your daughter?' 'I've believed that way these eighteen years,' sez ould Shadd, his eyes twinklin'. 'But Mrs. Shadd has her own opinion, like ivry other woman.' ''Tis wid yours this time, for a mericle,' sez Mother Shadd. 'Then why, in the name av fortune, did I never see her before?' sez I. 'Bekaze you've been thraipsin' round wid the married women these three years past. She was a bit av a child till last year, an' she shot up wid the spring,' sez ould Mother Shadd. 'I'll thraipse no more,' sez I. 'D'you mane that?' sez ould Mother Shadd, lookin' at me sideways, like a hen looks at a hawk whin the chickens are runnin' free. 'Try me, an' tell,' sez I. Wid that I pulled on my gloves, dhrank off the tea, an' wint out av the house as stiff as at gen'ral p'rade, for well I knew that Dinah Shadd's eyes were in the small av my back out av the scullery window. Faith, that was the only time I mourned I was not a cav'lryman, for the sake av the spurs to jingle.

"I wint out to think, an' I did a powerful lot av thinkin', but ut all came round to that shlip av a girl in the dotted blue dhress, wid the blue eyes an' the sparkil in them. Thin I kept off canteen, an' I kept to the married quarthers or near by on the chanst av meetin' Dinah. Did I meet her? Oh, my time past, did I not, wid a lump in my throat as big as my valise, an' my heart goin' like a farrier's forge on a Saturday mornin'! 'Twas 'Good-day to ye, Miss Dinah,' an' 'Good-day t'you, corp'ril,' for a week or two, an' divil a bit further could I get, bekaze av the respict I had to that girl that I cud ha' broken betune finger an' thumb."

Here I giggled as I recalled the gigantic figure of Dinah Shadd when she handed me my shirt.

"Ye may laugh," grunted Mulvaney. "But I'm speakin' the trut', an' 'tis you that are in fault. Dinah was a girl that wud ha' taken the imperiousness out av the Duchess av Clonmel in those days. Flower hand, foot av shod air, an' the eyes av the mornin' she had. That is my wife to-day—ould Dinah, an' never aught else than Dinah Shadd to me.

"'Twas after three weeks standin' off an' on, an' niver makin' headway excipt through the eyes, that a little drummer-boy grinned in me face whin I had admonished him wid the buckle av my belt for riotin' all over the place. 'An' I'm not the only wan that doesn't kape to barricks,' sez he. I tuk him by the scruff av his neck—my heart was hung on a hair-thrigger those days, you will understand—an', 'Out wid ut,' sez I, 'or I'll lave no bone av you unbruk.' 'Speak to Dempsey,' sez he, howlin'. 'Dempsey which,' sez I, 'ye unwashed limb av satan?' 'Of the Bobtailed Dhragoons,' sez he. 'He's seen her home from her aunt's house in the civil lines four times this fortnight.' 'Child,' sez I, dhroppin' him, 'your tongue's stronger than your body. Go to your quarters. I'm sorry I dhressed you down.'

"At that I went four ways to wanst huntin' Dempsey. I was mad to think that wid all my airs among women I shud ha' been ch'ated by a basin-faced fool av a cav'lryman not fit to trust on a mule thrunk. Presintly I found him in our lines—the Bobtails was quartered next us—an' a tallowy, top-heavy son av a she mule he was, wid his big brass spurs an' his plastrons on his epigastons an' all. But he niver flinched a hair.

"'A word wid you, Dempsey,' sez I. 'You've walked wid Dinah Shadd four times this fortnight gone.'

"'What's that to you?' sez he. 'I'll walk forty times more, an' forty on top av that, ye shovel-futted, clod-breakin' infantry lance-corp'ril.'

"Before I cud gyard he had his gloved fist home on me cheek, an' down I went full sprawl. 'Will that content you?' sez he, blowin' on his knuckles for all the world like a Scots Grays orf'cer. 'Content!' sez I. 'For your own sake, man, take off your spurs, peel your jackut, and onglove. 'Tis the beginnin' av the overture. Stand up!'

"He stud all he know, but he niver peeled his jackut, an' his shoulders had no fair play. I was fightin' for Dinah Shadd an' that cut on me cheek. What hope had he forninst me? 'Stand up!' sez I, time an' again, when he was beginnin' to quarter the ground an' gyard high an' go large. 'This isn't ridin'-school,' sez I. 'Oh, man, stand up, an' let me get at ye!' But whin I saw he wud be runnin' about, I grup his shtock in me left an' his waist-belt in me right an' swung him clear to me right front, head undher, he hammerin' me nose till the wind was knocked out av him on the bare ground. 'Stand up,' sez I, 'or I'll kick your head into your chest.' An' I wud ha' done ut, too, so ragin' mad I was.

"'Me collar-bone's bruk,' sez he. 'Help me back to lines. I'll walk wid her no more.' So I helped him back."

"And was his collar-bone broken?" I asked, for I fancied that only Learoyd could neatly accomplish that terrible throw.

"He pitched on his left shoulder-point. It was. Next day the news was in both barricks; an' whin I met Dinah Shadd wid a cheek like all the reg'mintal tailors' samples, there was no 'Good-mornin', corp'ril,' or aught else. 'An' what have I done, Miss Shadd,' sez I, very bould, plantin' mesilf forninst her, 'that ye should not pass the time of day?'

"'Ye've half killed rough-rider Dempsey,' sez she, her dear blue eyes fillin' up.

"'Maybe,' sez I. 'Was he a friend av yours that saw ye home four times in a fortnight?'

"'Yes,' sez she, very bould; but her mouth was down at the corners. 'An'—an' what's that to you?'

"'Ask Dempsey,' sez I, purtendin' to go away.

"'Did you fight for me then, ye silly man?' she sez, tho' she knew ut all along.

"'Who else?' sez I; an' I tuk wan pace to the front.

"'I wasn't worth ut,' sez she, fingerin' her apron.

"'That's for me to say,' sez I. 'Shall I say ut?'

"'Yes,' sez she, in a saint's whisper; an' at that I explained mesilf; an' she tould me what ivry man that is a man, an' many that is a woman, hears wanst in his life.

"'But what made ye cry at startin', Dinah darlin'?' sez I.

"'Your—your bloody cheek,' sez she, duckin' her little head down on my sash (I was duty for the day), an' whimperin' like a sorrowful angel.

"Now a man cud take that two ways. I tuk ut as pleased me best, an' my first kiss wid ut. Mother av Innocence! but I kissed her on the tip av the nose an' undher the eye, an' a girl that lets a kiss come tumbleways like that has never been kissed before. Take note av that, sorr. Thin we wint, hand in hand, to ould Mother Shadd like two little childher, an' she said it was no bad thing; an' ould Shadd nodded behind his pipe, an' Dinah ran away to her own room. That day I throd on rollin' clouds. All earth was too small to hould me. Begad, I cud ha' picked the sun out av the sky for a live coal to me pipe, so magnificent I was. But I tuk recruities at squad drill, an' began with gen-eral battalion advance whin I shud ha' been balance-steppin' 'em. Eyah! that day! that day!"

A very long pause. "Well?" said I.

"It was all wrong," said Mulvaney, with an enormous sigh. "An' sure I know that ev'ry bit av ut was me own foolishness. That night I tuk maybe the half av three pints—not enough to turn the hair of a man in his natural senses. But I was more than half drunk wid pure joy, an' that canteen beer was so much whiskey to me. I can't tell how ut came about, but *bekaze* I had no thought for any wan except Dinah, *bekaze* I hadn't slipped her little white arms from me neck five minuts, *bekaze* the breath av her kiss was not gone from me mouth, I must go through the married lines on me way to quarters, an' I must stay talkin' to a red-headed Mullengar heifer av a girl, Judy Sheehy, that was daughter to Mother Sheehy, the wife av Nick Sheehy, the canteen sergint—the black curse av Shielygh be on the whole brood that are above-groun' this day!

"'An' what are ye houldin' your head that high for, corp'ril?' sez Judy. 'Come in an' thry a cup av tay,' she sez, standin' in the doorway.

"Bein' an onbustable fool, an' thinkin' av anythin' but tay, I wint.

"'Mother's at canteen,' sez Judy, smoothin' the hair av hers that was like red snakes, an' lookin' at me cornerways out av her green cat's eyes. 'Ye will not mind, corp'ril?'

"'I can endure,' sez I. 'Ould Mother Sheehy bein' no divarsion av mine, nor her daughter too. Judy fetched the tea-things an' put them on the table, leanin' over me very close to get them square. I dhrew back, thinkin' av Dinah.

"'Is ut afraid you are av a girl alone?' sez Judy.

"'No,' sez I. 'Why should I be?'

"'That rests wid the girl,' sez Judy, dhrawin' her chair next to mine.'

"'Thin there let ut rest,' sez I; an' thinkin' I'd been a trifle onpolite, I sez: 'The tay's not quite sweet enough for me taste. Put your little finger in the cup, Judy; 'twill make ut necthar.'

"'What's necthar?' sez she.

"'Somethin' very sweet,' sez I; an' for the sinful life av me I cud not help lookin' at her out av the corner av me eye, as I was used to look at a woman.

"'Go on wid ye, corp'ril,' sez she. 'You're a flirrt.'

"'On me sowl I'm not,' sez I.

"'Then you're a cruel handsome man, an' that's worse,' sez she, heavin' big sighs an' lookin' crossways.

"'You know your own mind,' sez I.

"''Twud be better for me if I did not,' she sez.

"'There's a dale to be said on both sides av that,' sez I, unthinkin'.

"'Say your own part av ut, then, Terence darlin',' sez she; 'for begad I'm thinkin' I've said too much or too little for an honest girl;' an' wid that she put her arms round me neck an' kissed me.

"'There's no more to be said afther that,' sez I, kissin' her back again. Oh, the mane scutt that I was, my head ringin' wid Dinah Shadd! How does ut come about, sorr, that whin a man has put the comether on wan woman, he's sure bound to put ut on another? 'Tis the same thing at musketry. Wan day ev'ry shot goes wide or into the bank, an' the next—lay high, lay low, sight or snap—ye can't get off the bull's-eye for ten shots runnin'."

"That only happens to a man who has had a good deal of experience; he does it without thinking," I replied.

"Thankin' you for the complimint, sorr, ut may be so; but I'm doubtin' whether you mint ut for a complimint. Hear, now. I sat there wid Judy on my knee, tellin' me all manner av nonsinse, an' only sayin' 'yes' an' 'no,' when I'd much better ha' kept tongue betune teeth. An' that was not an hour afther I had left Dinah. What I was thinkin' av I cannot say.

"Presently, quiet as a cat, ould Mother Sheehy came in velvet-dhrunk. She had her daughter's red hair, but 'twas bald in patches, an' I cud see in her wicked ould face, clear as lightnin', what Judy wud be twenty year to come. I was for jumpin' up, but Judy niver moved.

"'Terence has promust, mother,' sez she, an' the cowld sweat bruk out all over me.

"Ould Mother Sheehy sat down of a heap, an' began playin' wid the cups. 'Thin you're a well-matched pair,' she sez, very thick; 'for he's the biggest rogue that iver spoiled the Queen's shoe-leather, an'—'

"'I'm off, Judy,' sez I. 'Ye should not talk nonsinse to your mother. Get her to bed, girl.'

"'Nonsinse?' sez the ould woman, prickin' up her ears like a cat, an' grippin' the table edge. ''Twill be the most nonsinsical nonsense for you, ye grinnin' badger, if nonsinse 'tis. Git clear, you. I'm goin' to bed.'

"I ran out into the dhark, me head in a stew an' me heart sick, but I had sinse enough to see that I'd brought ut all on mesilf. 'It's this to pass the time av day to a panjandhrum ov hell cats,' sez I. "What I've said an' what I've not said do not matther. Judy an' her dam will hould me for a promust man, an' Dinah will give me the go, an' I desarve ut. I will go an' get dhrunk,' sez I, 'an' forget about ut, for 'tis plain I'm not a marryin' man.'

"On me way to canteen I ran against Lascelles, color-sergint that was, av E Comp'ny—a hard, hard man, wid a tormint av a wife. 'You've the head av a drowned man on your shoulders,' sez he, 'an' you're goin' where you'll get a worse wan. Come back,' sez he. 'Let me go,' sez I. 'I've thrown me luck over the wall wid me own hand.' 'Then that's not the way to get ut back again,' sez he. 'Have out wid your throuble, ye fool-bhoy.' An' I tould him how the matther was.

"He sucked in his lower lip. 'You've been thrapped,' sez he. 'Ju Sheehy wud be the betther for a man's name to hers as soon as she can. An' ye thought ye'd put the comether on her. That's the naturil vanity av the baste. Terence, you're a big born fool, but you're not bad enough to marry into that comp'ny. If you said anything, an' for all your protestations I'm sure ye did—or did not, which is worse—eat ut all. Lie like the father av all lies, but come out av ut free av Judy. Do I not know what ut is to marry a woman that was the very spit av Judy when she was young? I'm gettin' old, an' I've larnt patience; but you, Terence, you'd raise hand on Judy an' kill her in a year. Never mind if Dinah gives you the go, you've desarved ut. Never mind if the whole reg'mint laughs at you all day. Get shut av Judy an' her mother. They can't dhrag you to church, but if they do, they'll dhrag you to hell. Go back to your quarthers an' lie down,' says he. Thin, over his shoulder, 'You *must* ha' done with thim.'"

"Next day I wint to see Dinah, but there was no tucker in me as I walked. I knew the throuble wud come soon enough widout any handlin' av mine, an' I dreaded ut sore.

"I heard Judy callin' me, but I hild straight on to the Shadds' quarthers, an' Diana wud ha' kissed me, but I hild her back.

"'Whin all's said, darlin',' sez I, 'you can give ut me if ye will, tho' I misdoubt 'twill be so easy to come by then.'

"I had scarce begun to put the explanation into shape before Judy an' her mother came to the door. I think there was a veranda, but I'm forgettin'.

"'Will ye not step in?' sez Dinah, pretty and polite, though the Shadds had no dealin's with the Sheehys. Old Mother Shadd looked up quick, an' she was the fust to see the throuble, for Dinah was her daughter.

"'I'm pressed for time to-day,' sez Judy, as bould as brass; 'an' I've only come for Terence—my promust man. 'Tis strange to find him here the day afther the day.'

"Dinah looked at me as though I had hit her, an' I answered straight.

"'There was some nonsinse last night at the Sheehys' quarthers, an' Judy's carryin' on the joke, darlin',' sez I.

"'At the Sheehys' quarthers?' sez Dinah, very slow; an' Judy cut in wid:

"'He was there from nine till ten, Dinah Shadd, an' the betther half av that time I was sittin' on his knee, Dinah Shadd. Ye may look an' ye may look an' ye may look me up an' down, but ye won't look away that Terence is my promust man. Terence darlin', 'tis time for us to be comin' home.'

"Dinah Shadd never said word to Judy. 'Ye left me at half past eight,' she sez to me, 'an' I never thought that ye'd leave me for Judy, promises or no promises. Go back wid her, you that have to be fetched by a girl! I'm done with you,' sez she; and she ran into her own room, her mother followin'. So I was alone with those two women, and at liberty to spake me sentiments.

"'Judy Sheehy,' sez I, 'if you made a fool av me betune the lights, you shall not do ut in the day. I never promised you words or lines.'

"'You lie,' sez ould Mother Sheehy; 'an' may ut choke you where you stand!' She was far gone in dhrink.

"'An' tho' ut choked me where I stud I'd not change,' sez I. 'Go home, Judy. I take shame for a decent girl like you dhraggin' your mother out bareheaded on this errand. Hear, now, and have ut for an answer. I gave me word to Dinah Shadd yesterday, an' more blame to me I was with you last night talkin' nonsinse but nothin' more. You've chosen to thry to hould me on ut. I will not be held thereby for anything in the world. Is that enough?'

"Judy wint pink all over. 'An' I wish you joy av the perjury,' sez she. 'You've lost a woman that would ha' wore her hand to the bone for your pleasure; an' 'deed, Terence, ye were not thrapped. . . .' Lascelles must ha' spoken plain to her. 'I am such as Dinah is—'deed I am! Ye've lost a fool av a girl that 'll never look at you again, an' ye've lost what ye niver had—your common honesty. If you manage your men as you manage your love-makin', small wondher they call you the worst corp'ril in the comp'ny. Come away, mother,' sez she.

"But divil a fut would the ould woman budge! 'D'you hould by that?' sez she, peerin' up under her thick gray eyebrows.

"'Ay, an' wud,' said I, 'tho' Dinah gave me the go twinty times. I'll have no thruck with you or yours,' sez I. 'Take your child away, ye shameless woman.'

"'An' am I shameless?' sez she, bringin' her hands up above her head. 'Thin what are you, ye lyin', schamin', weak-kneed, dhirty-souled son of a sutler? Am *I* shameless? Who put the open shame on me an' my child that we shud go beggin' through the lines in daylight for the broken word of a man? Double portion of my shame be on you, Terence Mulvaney, that think yourself so strong! By Mary and the saints, by blood and water, an' by ivry sorrow that came into the world since the beginnin', the black blight fall on you and yours, so that you may niver be free from pain for another when ut's not your own! May your heart bleed in your breast drop by drop wid all your friends laughin' at the bleedin'! Strong you think yourself? May your strength be a curse to you to dhrive you into the divil's hands against your own will! Clear-eyed you are? May your eyes see clear ivry step av the dark path you take till the hot cindhers av hell put thim out! May the ragin' dry thirst in my own ould bones go to you that you shall never pass bottle full nor glass empty! God preserve the light av your onderstandin' to you, my jewel av a bhoy, that ye may niver forget what you mint to be an' do, when you're wallowin' in the muck! May ye see the betther and follow the worse as long as there's breath in your body! an' may ye die quick in a strange land watchin' your death before ut takes you an' onable to stir hand or foot!'

"I heard a scufflin' in the room behind, and thin Dinah Shadd's hand dhropped into mine like a rose leaf into a muddy road.

"'The half av that I'll take,' sez she, 'an' more too if I can. Go home, ye silly-talkin' woman—go home an' confess.'

"'Come away! Come away!' sez Judy, pullin' her mother by the shawl. ''Twas none av Terence's fault. For the love av Mary stop the talkin'!'

"'An' you!' said ould Mother Sheehy, spinnin' round forninst Dinah. 'Will ye take the half av that man's load? Stand off from him, Dinah Shadd, before he takes you down too—you that look to be a quarthermaster-sergint's wife in five years. Ye look too high, child. Ye shall wash for the quarthermaster-sergint, when he pl'ases to give you the job out av charity; but a privit's wife ye shall be to the end, an' ivry sorrow of a privit's wife ye shall know, an' niver a joy but wan, that shall go from you like the tide from a rock. The pain of bearin' ye shall know, but niver the pleasure of givin' the breast; an' you shall put away a man-child into the common ground wid never a priest to say a prayer over him, an' on that man-child ye shall think ivry day av your life. Think long, Dinah Shadd, for you'll niver have another tho' you pray till your knees are bleedin'. The mothers av children shall mock you behind your back when you're wringin' over the wash-tub. You shall know what ut is to take a dhrunken husband home an' see him go to the gyard-room. Will that pl'ase you, Dinah Shadd, that won't be seen talkin' to my daughter? You shall talk to worse than Judy before all's over. The sergints' wives shall look down on you, contemptuous daughter av a sergint, an' you shall cover ut all up wid a smiling face whin your heart's burstin'. Stand off him, Dinah Shadd, for I've put the black curse of Shielygh upon him, an' his own mouth shall make ut good.'

"She pitched forward on her head an' began foamin' at the mouth. Dinah Shadd ran out wid water, an' Judy dhragged the ould woman into the veranda till she sat up.

"'I'm old an' forlore,' she sez, tremblin' an' cryin', 'an' 'tis like I say a dale more than I mane.'

"'When you're able to walk—go,' says ould Mother Shadd. 'This house has no place for the likes av you, that have cursed my daughter.'

"'Eyah!' said the ould woman. 'Hard words break no bones, an' Dinah Shadd 'll kape the love av her husband till my bones are green corn. Judy darlin', I misremember what I came here for. Can you lend us the bottom av a taycup av tay, Mrs. Shadd?'

"But Judy dhragged her off, cryin' as tho' her heart wud break. An' Dinah Shadd an' I, in ten minutes we had forgot ut all."

"Then why do you remember it now?" said I.

"Is ut like I'd forget? Ivry word that wicked ould woman spoke fell thrue in my life aftherward; an' I cud ha' stud ut all—stud ut all, excipt fwhen little Shadd was born. That was on the line av march three months afther the regiment was taken with cholera. We were betune Umballa an' Kalka thin, an' I was on picket. Whin I came off, the women showed me the child, an' ut turned on uts side an' died as I looked. We buried him by the road,' an' Father Victor was a day's march behind wid the heavy baggage, so the comp'ny captain read a prayer. An' since then I've been a childless man, an' all else that ould Mother Sheehy put upon me an' Dinah Shadd. What do you think, sorr?"

I thought a good deal, but it seemed better then to reach out for Mulvaney's hand. This demonstration nearly cost me the use of three fingers. Whatever he knows of his weaknesses, Mulvaney is entirely ignorant of his strength.

"But what do you think?" he insisted, as I was straightening out the crushed member.

My reply was drowned in yells and outcries from the next fire, where ten men were shouting for "Orth'ris!" "Privit Orth'ris!" "Mistah Or–ther–ris!" "Deah boy!" "Cap'n Orth'ris!" "Field-Marshal Orth'ris!" "Stanley, you penn'orth o' pop, come 'ere to your own comp'ny!" And the cockney, who had been delighting another audience with recondite and Rabelaisian yarns, was shot down among his admirers by the major force.

"You've crumpled my dress shirt 'orrid," said he; "an' I sha'n't sing no more to this 'ere bloomin' drawin'-room."

Learoyd, roused by the confusion, uncoiled himself, crept behind Ortheris, and raised him aloft on his shoulders.

"Sing, ye bloomin' hummin'-bird!" said he; and Ortheris, beating time on Learoyd's skull, delivered himself, in the raucous voice of the Ratcliffe Highway, of the following chaste and touching ditty:

My girl she give me the go oncet,
  When I was a London lad,
An' I went on the drink for a fortnight,
  An' then I went to the bad.
The Queen she give me a shillin',
  To fight for 'er over the seas;
But Guv'ment built me a fever-trap,
  An' Injia give me disease.

Chorus.—Ho! don't you 'eed what a girl says,
    An' don't you go for the beer;
  But I was an ass when I was at grass,
    An' that is why I'm 'ere.

I fired a shot at an Afghan;
  The beggar 'e fired again;
An' I lay on my bed with a 'ole in my 'ead,
  An' missed the next campaign!
I up with my gun at a Burman
  Who carried a bloomin' *dah*,
But the cartridge stuck and the bay'nit bruk,
  An' all I got was the scar.

Chorus.—Ho! don't you aim at a Afghan
    When you stand on the sky-line clear;
  An' don't you go for a Burman
    If none o' your friends is near.

I served my time for a corp'ral,
  An' wetted my stripes with pop,
For I went on the bend with a intimate friend,
  An' finished the night in the Shop.
I served my time for a sergeant;
  The colonel 'e sez: "No!
The most you'll be is a full C. B.";*
  An'—very next night 'twas so.

Chorus.—Ho! don't you go for a corp'ral,
    Unless your 'ead is clear;
  But I was an ass when I was at grass,
    An' that is why I'm 'ere.

I've tasted the luck o' the army
  In barrack an' camp an' clink,
An' I lost my tip through the bloomin' trip
  Along o' the women an' drink.
I'm down at the heel o' my service,
  An' when I am laid on the shelf,
My very wust friend from beginning to end
  By the blood of a mouse was myself.

Chorus.—Ho! don't you 'eed what a girl says,
    An' don't you go for the beer;
  But I was an ass when I was at grass,
    An' that is why I'm 'ere.

"Ay, listen to our little man now singin' an' shoutin' as tho' trouble had never touched him! D'you remember when he went mad with the homesickness?" said Mulvaney, recalling a never-to-be-forgotten season when Ortheris waded through the deep waters of affliction and behaved abominably. "But he's talkin' the bitter truth, tho'. Eyah!

'My very worst friend from beginning to end
  By the blood av a mouse was mesilf.'

Hark out!" he continued, jumping to his feet. "What did I tell you, sorr?"

Fttl! spttl! whttl! went the rifles of the picket in the darkness, and we heard their feet rushing toward us as Ortheris tumbled past me and into his great-coat. It is an impressive thing even in peace to see an armed camp spring to life with clatter of accoutrements, click of Martini levers, and blood-curdling speculations as to the fate of missing boots. "Pickets dhriven in," said Mulvaney, staring like a buck at bay into the soft clinging gloom. "Stand by an' kape close to us. If 'tis cav'lry, they may blundher into the fires."

Tr—ra—ra! ta—ra—la! sang the thrice-blessed bugle, and the rush to form square began. There is much rest and peace in the heart of a square if you arrive in time, and are not trodden upon too frequently. The smell of leather belts, fatigue uniform, and packed humanity is comforting.

A dull grumble that seemed to come from every point of the compass at once struck our listening ears, and little thrills of excitement ran down the faces of the square. Those who write so learnedly about judging distance by sound should hear cavalry on the move at night. A high-pitched yell on the left told us that the disturbers were friends—the cavalry of the attack, who had missed their direction in the darkness, and were feeling blindly for some sort of support and camping-ground. The difficulty explained, they jingled on.

"Double pickets out there; by your arms lie down and sleep the rest," said the major, and the square melted away as the men scrambled for their places by the fires.

When I woke I saw Mulvaney, the night-dew gemming his mustache, leaning on his rifle at picket, lonely as Prometheus on his rock, with I know not what vultures tearing his liver.

THE END.

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[*] Confined to barracks.

THE SIOUX RESERVATION OPENED.

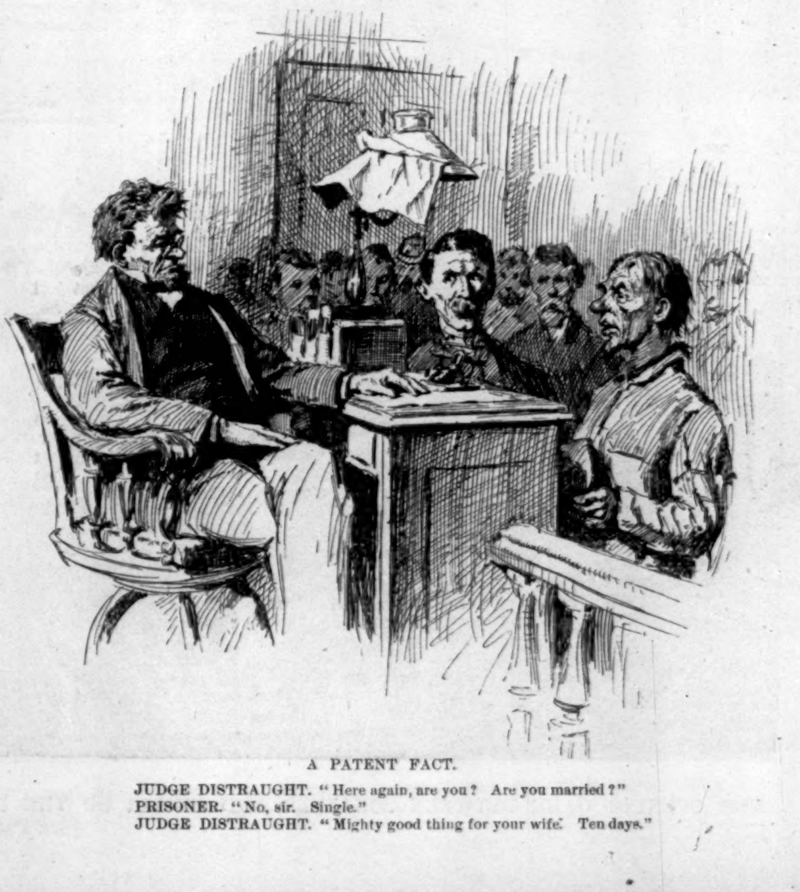
THE opening to settlement of the great Sioux reservation in South Dakota has again brought into public notice one of the most interesting features of Western civilization. On February 10th the President declared by proclamation that the eleven million acres of this reservation were opened to entry under the homestead law and the law relating to town sites. In the towns of Chamberlain and Pierre, on the reservation border, bands of boomers who had been waiting for the signal dashed across the frozen surface of the Missouri River and took possession of their coveted claims. Wagons loaded with lumber and other building materials were drawn across the ice by galloping horses, while men on horseback fled in all directions to secure desirable locations. A house on wheels was dragged across the river at Chamberlain, and made the nucleus of a new town on the opposite bank. The rush was made chiefly by town-site boomers, who expected to find profit in selling building lots to incoming settlers. In this respect it was a repetition of the mad rush into Oklahoma on April 22, 1889. The South Dakota movement, although similar in general character, lacked the life and vigor of the Oklahoma stampede. As compared with the dash into Oklahoma, only a few persons went into the Sioux reservation, and those were mainly residents of the neighboring towns.

The conditions necessary to a concerted rush in the new country are lacking. In the first place, boomers cannot travel by wagon at this season of the year. There is no grass for the horses and cattle, and the average boomer is not rich enough to buy hay and grain. In addition, the weather is too cold for camp life on the breezy plains. Thus it will be seen that the actual settlers of the new region will not be able to move into it until the month of April. Possibly by that time some new attraction may draw them elsewhere.

It is hardly probable that the new lands will be settled rapidly. The region has had very little advertising to attract boomers' attention, nor has the claim been made that it is a sort of second Garden of Eden. The reports of distress and want in certain parts of the Dakotas during the past few months have not been entirely reassuring to persons contemplating a removal to the new lands. Settlers do not cry out for bread unless they need it, for they are hardy people to whom hunger is by no means a stranger. They cry out for bread only when their pride has succumbed to hunger. The murmur of want in the Dakotas has already reached the ears of the men in Kansas, Missouri, and Kentucky who were thinking of seeking their fortunes in the newly opened lands, and grave doubts will arise as to the propriety of venturing in upon so uncertain a region. With all these things in view, it is easy to see that this new country will not be settled with the rush and enthusiasm that the town-site boomers would like to create. It is unlikely that there will be much of a settlers' movement until the region roundabout has had a season of bountiful crops. Good crops do quite as much as printers' ink to build up a new region.

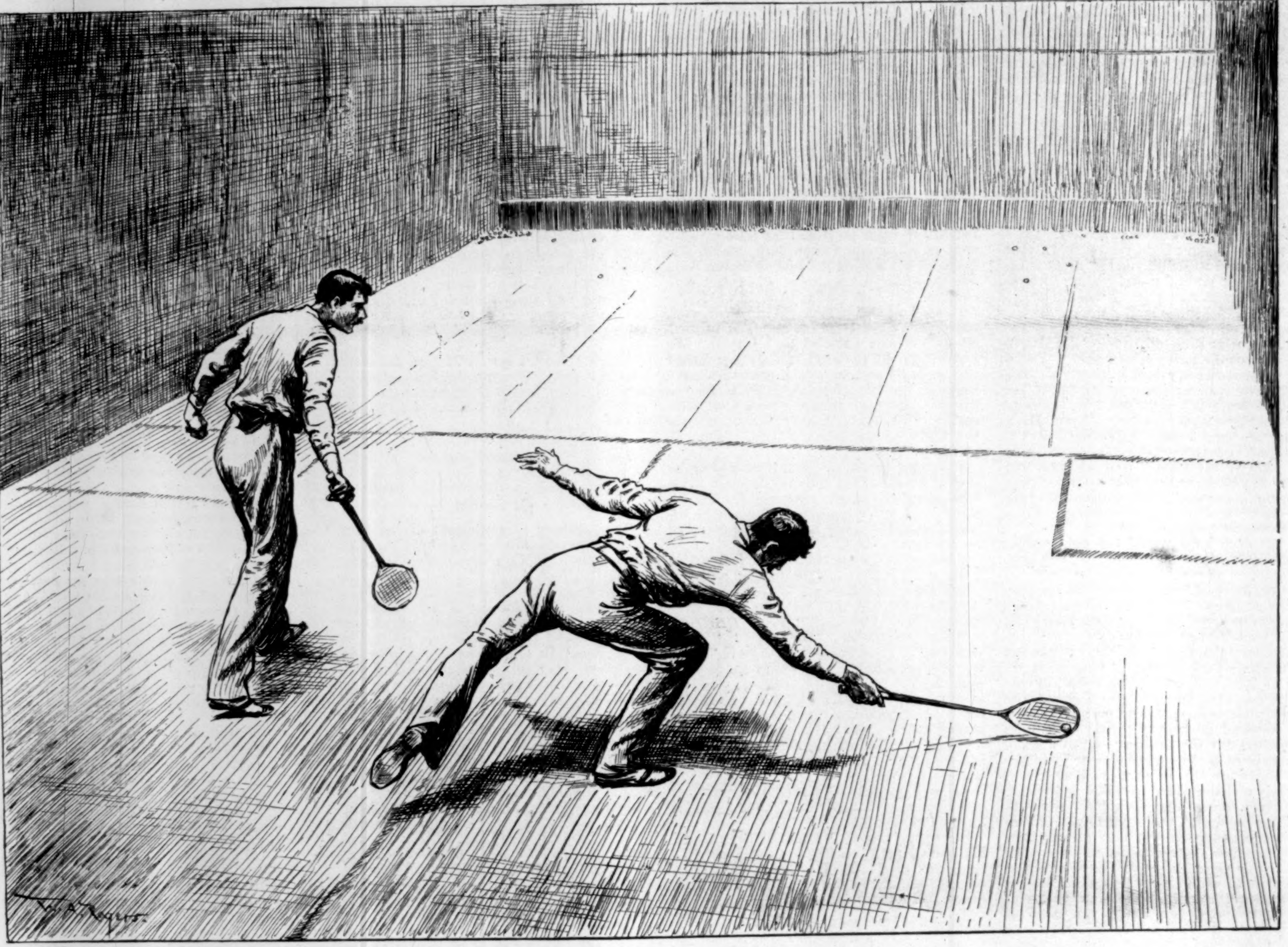
It must not be supposed, however, that this land will not be settled all in good time with the right kind of people. The settlements may be made slowly, but they will be made with that permanency which ultimately brings success to most new countries. A rapid settlement of the region, such as the town boomers want, would be more of a detriment than a benefit, for the disappointed boomers who would return home penniless and heart-sore during the first year, would check the stream of immigration at its fountain-head.

There is no good reason why the new region should not be well settled within the next five or six years. Most of the land is fairly good. It is more or less impregnated with alkali, but with proper cultivation the alkali will disappear. At present the water contains so much alkali that it is unfit to drink, but cattle thrive upon it, and doubtless man will when he gets accustomed to it. Getting accustomed to it, however, is not a cheerful thing to contemplate. The land in the western part of the region is said to be best adapted to agriculture. With proper cultivation, any of the products of the Dakotas can be raised here. Wheat and other grain will be the principal crops. In the eastern part the soil is what is known in the West as gumbo, which is a heavy black earth, very heartily disliked by all practical farmers. When wet, gumbo is so sticky as to be unworkable; when dry, it is hard and lifeless. Two or three years of cultivation, however, turn it into a fair sort of soil. As a rule, boomers are not prepared to work their farms two or three years before getting a profitable return. It is more than likely that the land will be used almost exclusively for grazing purposes for several years to come, or at least until railways penetrate the region and make profitable farming possible. The provision under which the reservation was opened allows only actual settlers to take possession of the land. No pre-emptions or timber-culture entries can be made. The settler must live on his land five years and then pay $1 25 per acre for it before he can get a title. The payment of $1 25 per acre is to go to the Sioux Indians, from whom the land was purchased. An effort will be made, however, to have the payment assumed by the government, thus leaving the land subject to the ordinary homestead entry. The details of the purchase from the Indians were made by a commission last summer. The Indians now occupy a strip of land immediately south of the new region.

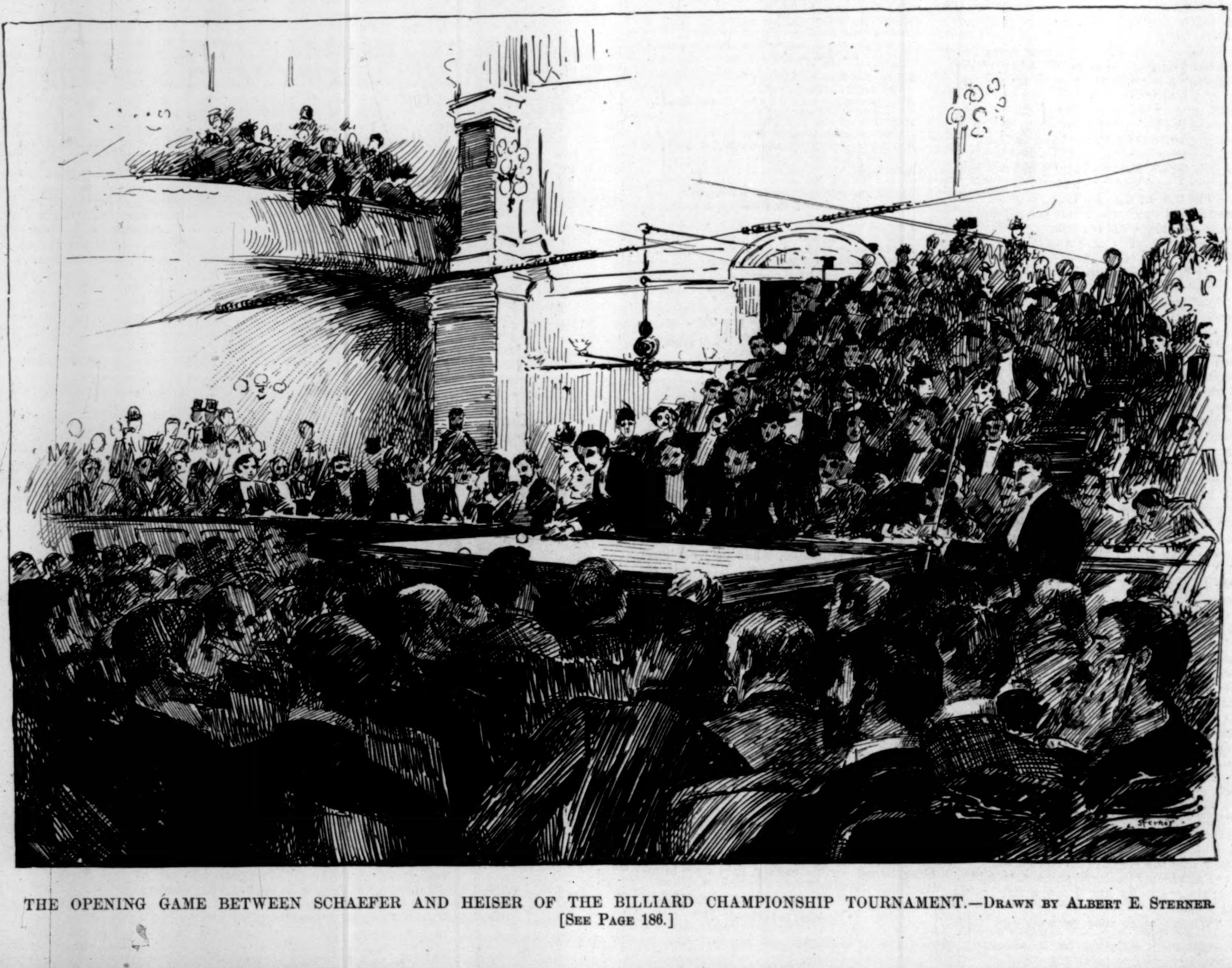


A PATENT FACT.

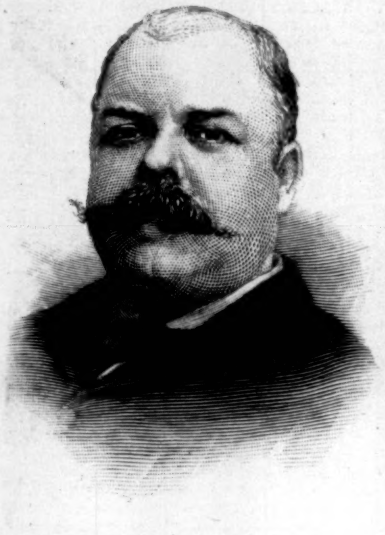
JUDGE DISTRAUGHT. "Here again, are you? Are you married?"
PRISONER. "No, sir. Single."
JUDGE DISTRAUGHT. "Mighty good thing for your wife. Ten days."



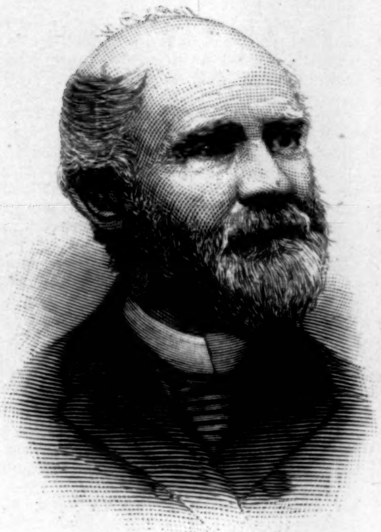
A MATCH GAME IN THE COURT OF THE NEW YORK RACKET CLUB.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 179.]



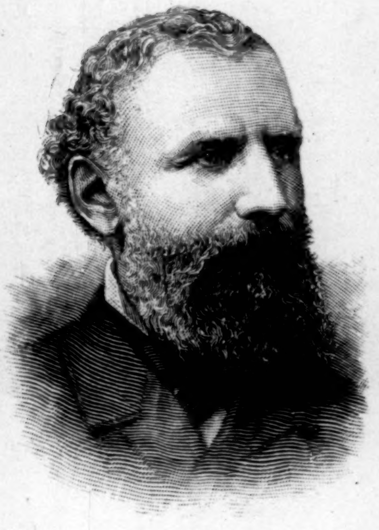
THE OPENING GAME BETWEEN SCHAEFER AND HEISER OF THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT.—Drawn by Albert E. Sterner.
[See Page 186.]



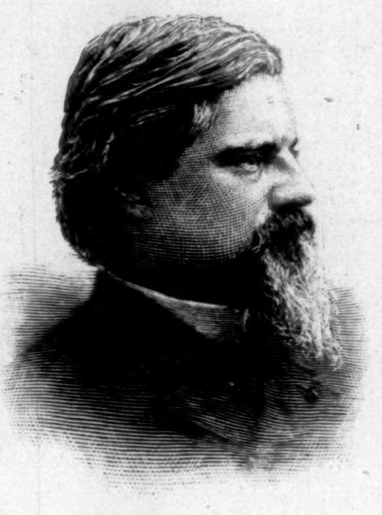
JAMES W. SCOTT, PUBLISHER OF CHICAGO "HERALD," THE CHAIRMAN OF THE PRESS COMMITTEE.



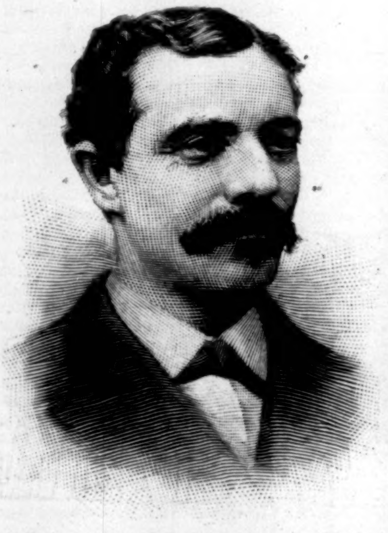
THOMAS B. BRYAN, CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE ON NATIONAL AGITATION.



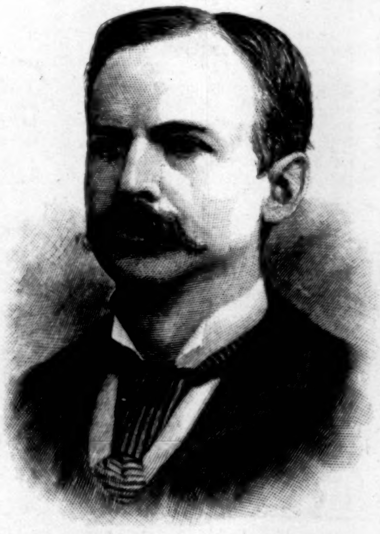
L. J. GAGE, CHAIRMAN OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE.



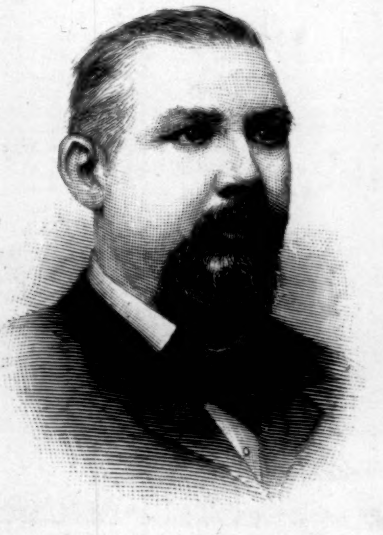
COLONEL GEORGE R. DAVIS, DIRECTOR OF THE WASHINGTON "CAMPAIGN."



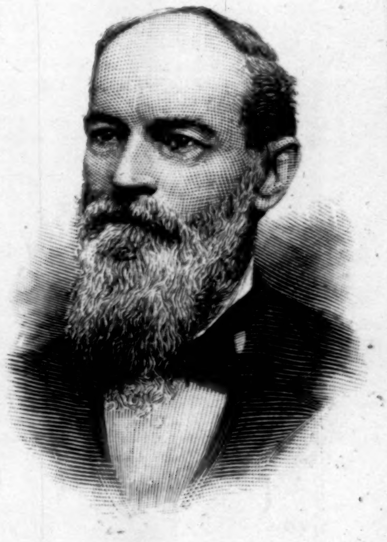
C. H. SCHWAB, CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE ON PRELIMINARY EXPENSES.



E. F. CRAGIN, SECRETARY.

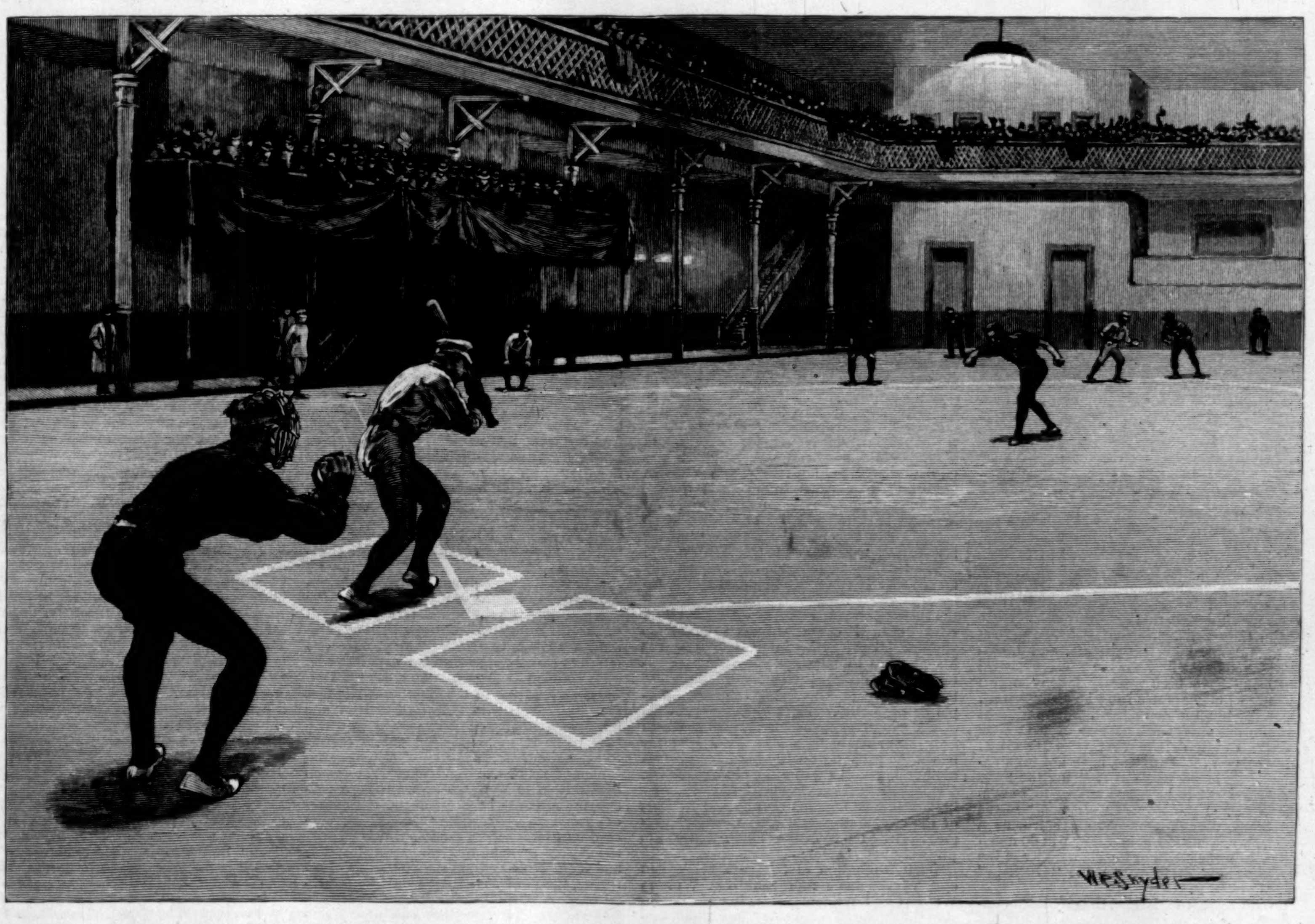


OTTO YOUNG, CHAIRMAN OF SUB-COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.



MAYOR CREGIER, CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

THE CHIEF PROMOTERS OF THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR ENTERPRISE.—[SEE PAGE 186.]



A GAME OF BASE-BALL IN THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT ARMORY, BROOKLYN, BETWEEN MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT—"STRIKER OUT."—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 179.]

THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR.

Last summer, when New York city was giving serious attention to the project of holding a World's Fair in 1892 to celebrate the quadricentennial of the discovery of America by Columbus, Chicago determined to adopt means to hold the celebration itself. Beyond experiencing the feeling of annoyance that is caused by any marked act of disrespect and lack of veneration on the part of children toward their elders and superiors, the good people of Gotham were not disquieted by the circumstance, and paying no attention to it, went on with becoming dignity to mature their plans. They formed the needed organizations, selected the site, secured the necessary State legislation, and made provision for obtaining the required funds, only to receive a rude shock on the 24th of February from the act of the House of Representatives at Washington, which voted the essential national endorsement to the city by the lake. At present writing there is little doubt that the Senate will accept the choice of the House.

Fortunately, the recent enlargement of the municipal limits of Chicago, giving it an area of some seventy square miles, or about three times that of New York, enabled it to contain itself on hearing the news of its victory; but the space was all needed for the purpose, and probably will continue to be for some time to come. Many of the causes which influenced Congressional action will long be matters of dispute. Chicago's efforts, however, were characterized by the energy and alertness that have long distinguished its citizens. As in New York, a mass-meeting was held, a temporary organization formed, and various committees selected. Funds to the amount of $4,429,550 were subscribed, and two per cent. of the sum paid in. Further money was advanced by men having enough confidence in the movement to take the risk of repayment. Probably over $400,000 was placed at the disposal of the workers.

Among the committees formed was one for the conduct of the campaign for legislation and one on "National Agitation." The last-named committee is the peculiar product of Chicago genius. It occupied a field that New York neglected. These two committees performed their duties with particular ability. Congressmen were personally visited at their homes, the aid of influential people was sought by enlisting their interests if necessary, and resolutions without number were secured from boards of trade or other organizations in all the small cities and towns that could be induced thus to testify their allegiance to the metropolis of the West. The title which the newspapers throughout the United States have with much unanimity bestowed upon the men who are prominent in the enterprise is that of "Hustlers." Portraits of a number of them are presented in this issue of the Weekly, and their countenances do not belie their reputation for activity. However arduous the exertions by which these gentlemen have gained their spurs, the business of overcoming the difficulties before them is still more so. Chicago has yet to make the requisite pecuniary provision, fix upon the site, erect the necessary buildings, and attend to all the vast detail connected with the exhibits, domestic and foreign. It has assumed the responsibility of fulfilling the expectations of the nation and of the world, with the recent splendid success at Paris as a standard for comparison.

The hardest obstacle to be overcome is that of obtaining the money. It is asserted that none can be secured by the issue of municipal bonds, as had been provided for in New York. Aside from other restrictions as to purposes of taxation which affect the situation, the Constitution of Illinois prohibits the incurring of public obligations to an extent of more than five per cent. of the assessed valuation, and this limit in the present instance is practically reached already. A higher valuation would increase Chicago's quota of State taxation, and would thus prove a very expensive process to resort to. There is not time to amend the Constitution if that course were desired, nor probably would it be feasible if there were time. Congress cannot well be called upon to fill the gap, since New York asked no such help, and Chicago, in fact, is debarred by its own professions from seeking relief from that source. It would seem that, except for the expenses of the government exhibit, there was no other direction for the funds to come from than private subscriptions. Railroad corporations, hotel proprietors, and others interested in the business the Fair is expected to bring have been already largely drawn upon in the guarantee fund now subscribed. To raise in all fifteen million dollars without public aid would not be easy even in New York. Chicago's largest capitalists, as a rule, according to late advices, have not been enthusiastic in the cause of securing the Fair. They are not to be found among those who have earned the title of "Hustlers" in the premises, though their public spirit, as a class, is unquestioned, and they will do much to sustain the credit of the community in the trying situation in which the "Hustlers" have placed it.

With respect to the site, the city labors under an embarrassment of riches. It has not yet reached that stage of civilization which hedges parks with a peculiar sanctity, and it contemplates with equanimity the use of any of those enclosures within its limits. The inhabited part of Chicago is surrounded by a fine system of parks and boulevards on all sides save that on the lake. The Exhibition might be placed either at the north, west, or south of the city, with practically unlimited space at its command, but the preponderance of sentiment seems to be in favor of utilizing the narrow Lake Front Park, and of manufacturing as much more land as it may be necessary to add to it on the water side for the purpose in view. The available base of operations is about a mile long, is most favorably located with reference to the centre of population, hotel and other accommodations, and the lake breezes. By widening this all along the line from 500 to 1500 feet, according to the locality, sufficient space, it is thought, can be secured. It would elsewhere take people some time to assimilate the idea of creating an extensive area in this manner, but in Chicago it is received apparently as a matter of course. The railway tracks on the lake front can be relatively depressed and rendered innocuous, while at the same time they will be valuable with respect to transportation. One proposition is that the main buildings shall be erected here, and various features of importance distributed through the other parks mentioned.

The sweeping scope and courageous altitude of the Chicago mind indicated by the manner in which it faces and undertakes to discharge the enormous responsibility before it arrests the attention of the world. With less than a third of the population that is collected within eight miles on all sides of New York City Hall, with an immense outlay of some $15,000,000 to make at its own risk, it ventures to supplant New York, to rival Paris and London, and sustain the credit of the nation in the matter of a World's Fair to be held so early as 1892.

THE ASTOR HERITAGE.

In the portrait of William Waldorf Astor in this issue of the Weekly our readers may study the features of one who is in all probability the richest man of the civilized world to-day. The face is essentially one of force and character, and though less rugged than were those of his progenitors, it maintains that strength of feature which marks the race. Mr. Astor's personality is that of a strikingly handsome man. His face, aside from its strength, is decidedly pleasing; the eyes are blue, and well match a light complexion somewhat florid in tone; his hair is of that undecided hue commonly called sandy, and a mustache of the same color partly hides a well-formed mouth. He is more than six feet tall, and straight as a grenadier; his shoulders are square and well set, betokening a physique of large muscular resource; in movement he is quick and energetic, almost to abruptness.

Though his family have long been the social magnates of the metropolis, William Waldorf Astor has not cut much of a figure as a "society man." While properly regardful of the requirements of his position as the prospective head of the great Astor family, the duties it has imposed upon him have been irksome in the extreme at times. His habits of thought and ways of life have been those of the student and man of affairs. Like his uncle, Mr. William Astor, he has delegated his social duties almost entirely to his wife, a very beautiful woman, the daughter of a distinguished Philadelphia family, whom he married about fifteen years ago. Though a member of the Union, Knickerbocker, and Union League clubs, Mr. Astor is rarely seen about the house of any of them.

The estate left by John Jacob Astor has been variously valued in the newspapers. Some have placed it at $75,000,000, none lower, while the estimates have climbed to $400,000,000, this latter being the most sanguine production of all the "guessers." For it is guesswork pure and simple. There is no possible way of arriving at an approximation even. The present owner himself, his confidential agent, Abner H. Bartlett, and perhaps his counsel and coexecutor, Charles H. Southmayd, are the only people who can give an intelligent idea of the estate's value. For obvious reasons they will not do so. William B. Astor adopted the policy of secrecy in regard to his affairs, and that policy has been strictly adhered to by his successors.

The most reasonable estimate yet made by an outsider of the Astor holdings was given by a gentleman whose reputation is that of the best-informed real-estate "expert" in New York. It is his business to know the value of all properties in the city, and it is his pleasure to note and store away in his memory all details pertaining to important transfers, or those involving celebrated people or properties. Thus he has noted purchases by the Astors of different tracts which have never again been associated with the name, the property continuing to appear on the public records under the old ownership. This gentleman believes that the Astor family hold about one-twentieth of the realty values of the city, and on that basis their holdings are worth $150,000,000. These figures are probably not far from correct.

What proportion of this sum belongs to each of the male representatives, William Waldorf and William Astor, is undeterminable for the same reasons as those which forbid a qualified appraisal of the whole estate. The younger man's interest is, of course, very much the largest, as his father was a steady, persistent, and successful investor, apparently taking pleasure only in the care and accumulation of his property, while, on the other hand, William Astor has been an acknowledged devotee of pleasure, spending a large portion of his time aboard his magnificent yacht, the *Nourmahal*, or in Europe.

Much has been written about the wonderful foresight evidenced by the founder of the family in his anticipation of the city's growth by large purchases of lands on and beyond the city's outskirts. This foresight was probably the development of a necessity, and later became a confirmed policy. When John Jacob Astor the first found himself with an accumulation of fortune beyond the needs of his trading enterprises, favorable investments in the lower part of the city were, in a different degree, as few and rare as they are to-day. But Mr. Astor was looking for greater returns than could be expected from business property held at its then full value; he was looking for the profits of a trader, not the modest percentage of a conservative investment, and to that end he sought the field where large blocks of land could be had for proportionately small sums of money. He bought at acre prices, and realized on a city-lot basis; and after this policy became his chosen line of action, his great native sagacity and shrewdness were evidenced in the selection of location in his purchases. The Astor properties are situated almost invariably amid surroundings that are in no way detrimental to each in its class.

It is said that so far back as 1810 John Jacob Astor was the largest real-estate holder on Manhattan Island. If this could have been true, which is doubtful, he certainly showed a wonderful ingenuity in hiding the fact of his possessions from the tax-gatherer, for in 1815 his name appears on the records as the holder of but $20,000 worth of real estate, assessed value. When, on his death, in 1848, the estate was turned over to William B. Astor in trust for the latter's two sons, it was estimated to be worth $20,000,000. This was probably an exaggerated figure, just as have been some of the recent estimates of the last John Jacob's wealth. By far the greatest additions to the Astor wealth have occurred since the death of William B. Astor in 1875, the extraordinary enhancement of real-estate values in and about New York city during ten years past alone making this possible. If such a thing could possibly be determined authoritatively, it would be found that the family wealth under the stewardship of the late John Jacob Astor had, in ratio of increase, far outstripped the results of his father's management. This fact, granted it be true, is no extraordinary testimony to his perspicacity, as he had simply to exercise the common-sense with which he was so well endowed in carrying out the policy enunciated by his grandfather and faithfully continued by his father.

He has been a purchaser, in a quiet way at private sale, of large blocks of urban and suburban property, and his acquisitions have extended into that part of Westchester County along the line of the new parkways which will sooner or later be absorbed by annexation into the city proper. The effect of a purchase by the Astors in any neighborhood has been to enhance the values of all contiguous property. The executors of a large landed estate in the annexed district had much difficulty a few years back in disposing of enough of their holdings at $1000 an *acre* to pay interest and taxes on the rest. A large block of land was purchased by John Jacob Astor immediately adjoining them, and within twelve months of his purchase their own property was commanding $1000 a *lot* twenty-five by one hundred feet. The same result followed on the acquirement by the Astors of a large block of waste and meadow land from the Morris estate along the upper bank of the Harlem River.

The difficulty encountered by an outsider in an effort to segregate the Astor real estate and estimate upon its value may be readily understood by an explanation of the situation in the Seventeenth Ward. In that district is a tract of land embracing about three hundred city lots, which was purchased by the first John Jacob Astor when it was a truck farm, and familiarly known as "the old radish gardens." It is now in the heart of a great German population, and entirely built up with a fairly good class of tenements. These houses were erected by tenants on twenty-one-year leaseholds, and not by the Astors. Many of them have been surrendered by the holders, and now stand in the name of Astor on the official records; but out of the three hundred lots—all built upon—known to belong to the family, only one hundred and six are identified with its name on the assessment books. To make the matter more puzzling to the searcher is the fact that the Astors paid taxes last fall on one hundred and fifty-eight houses in this district, while only one hundred and six appear to belong to them.

This block of one hundred and six houses is estimated to be worth upward of $2,000,000, the estimate based upon the tax assessor's valuation and forty per cent. added. According to the official records this is all that the Astors own in the Seventeenth Ward, and if these books were the only basis of estimate, the family holdings would be returned for this ward at the sum named above—$2,000,000. Yet there are still nearly two hundred lots known as Astor property to be included in such an estimate, bringing the figure up to $5,000,000 anyway, and perhaps $6,000,000. These same conditions exist throughout the whole city wherever Astor property is occupied on leasehold. It has been a favorite source of income with them from the time of John Jacob the first. The leaseholder assumes taxes, water-rents, and expenditures of all kinds, excepting only possible assessments, the cost of which is generally divided between owner and lessee, while the lot owner has nothing to do but collect his rent, which is always well secured by the lessee's improvements.

In that section of the city south of the City Hall, property to the value of $10,000,000 stands in the Astor name. It is, of course, all business property of the most desirable kind, and the entire holdings of the family in this section are believed to be included in the sum just mentioned. Besides this, there is block after block of first-class dwelling property in some of the most select sections of the city, those in the neighborhood of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue being conspicuously the most valuable. Then there is business property on Third Avenue, blocks of it, the best on that street; more on Broadway, Fourteenth Street, Union Square, Madison Square, and Fifth Avenue. Dwelling-houses in Harlem by the hundred, and the same on the far west side beyond Eighth Avenue. The enumeration would become all but monotonous were it recited in detail.

Two-thirds or more of this princely heritage has come to the earnest-looking man whose portrait accompanies this. This burden of wealth has come upon William Waldorf Astor in the early vigor of his manhood. He has mingled more freely with men of all classes than either of his predecessors, and the experience thus gained should place him more *en rapport* with humanity at large.

His father and grandfather inherited, each in his turn, long after passing the prime of life, and when they had acquired that perfect poise of discretion that mature years alone can bring. For years before inheriting, their fathers had instilled into them a line of policy to be pursued, and upon their succession the duties involved were but little more than routine. The new administration inherits vaster wealth than probably two of his predecessors ever dreamed of; he also meets social conditions such as no one of them understood or perhaps even anticipated. In carrying out the details of management Mr. Astor will have the services of Abner H. Bartlett as "man of affairs." Mr. Bartlett is now serving the Astors in the third generation, which fact alone speaks volumes in testimony of his ability and integrity.

In the centralization of immense real-estate interests that of the Astor estate is probably the most wonderful instance in the world, excepting perhaps that of the Duke of Westminster, in the city of London. Which of the two estates is the more valuable is a problem that can be settled by the principals themselves only; but it is very doubtful if the Duke could climb up into a high tower and through an ordinary field-glass gaze upon one hundred millions of dollars' worth of his own property all lying within a radius of ten miles from his point of observation. Yet that is what William Waldorf Astor can do, if he should choose to climb up into the observation tower on the old aqueduct at High Bridge.

Scott Thompson.

BILLIARDS.

The great billiard tournament at Chickering Hall which closed on Saturday night furnished abundant evidence that the graceful and scientific pastime still maintains its place as "the gentleman's game." The recent meeting was the first one of professional champions that had taken place in the metropolis for quite a number of years. The experts who took part in it were Jacob Schaefer, George F. Slosson, Maurice Daly, Frank C. Ives, J. Randolph Heiser, and William H. Catton. To the older people the extraordinary exhibition of science must have seemed almost miraculous, as they looked back but a few years and noted the extraordinary advance that has been made in the game. Schaefer's remarkable run of 110 points off two balls while scarcely moving them a hair's-breadth from their original position was a marvel of delicacy. It was an exhibition of sensitiveness of touch that makes that sense seem something more spiritual than physical. It is computed that as he made his cue ball glide over the face of the object ball at each stroke he hardly moved the latter the thousandth part of an inch on the green cloth. To the "old timers" who could recall billiards during the war and just before it, many of whom played when Michael Phelan was a champion, it must have appeared like a new game. It is only about twenty years since Joseph Dion and other experts still familiar to the world averaged less than two points in a 300-point game of French carroms. True, the table was larger then, and the other equipments less perfect than now, but even this consideration scarce detracts from the extraordinary perfection acquired in the game.

The first three-ball game that was ever played in public in this country was that between Ralph Benjamin and Michael Phelan, the former of whom is said to be still living in Yonkers. The match occurred in Philadelphia, and consisted of seventeen games of 16 points each. Not a noteworthy contest it will appear now, but when one considers the 6 by 12 table, the size of the balls, and the height of the cushions, it requires not a little skill, strength, and hard work successfully to accomplish carroms on that immense stretch of baize. The largest run made was 6—a contemptible bagatelle now, but it made a record then. Billiards did not flourish, however, as a public amusement, the betting on the games appearing to form a stronger feature of excitement than the playing. The greatest game of this character occurred in the spring of 1859, when Michael Phelan and John Seereiter played in Detroit for $7500 a side. Thousands of dollars were waged on the result outside of the prize-money. The game was four-ball carroms on a 6 by 12 four-pocket table.

The first step taken toward making billiards a game worthy the skill of great experts was when what is known as the American game of billiards was established by a tournament at Irving Hall, April 26, 1869, and the presentation by Phelan & Collender of the famous championship emblem, "the diamond cue." Almost up to that time the massé shots were unknown, and the "shove" shot was in vogue among the experts—a species of carrom that the veriest young tyro would scorn to count to-day. Fabulous runs were made at times by the great players of the day through "yawing" the balls, *i. e.*, wedging two object balls in the jaw of a pocket, so that carroms could be made *ad lib.*

The new American or four-ball game abolished these crudities, and developed further the extreme delicacy of touch and the intuitively mathematical judgment of position play necessary for a high order of skill. The game was played on a 5½ by 11 four-pocket table. The cue was won by John Deery. To obtain permanent possession of the bauble, the champion was to maintain his position for two and a half years. The cue afterward passed successively to A. P. Rudolphe, Frank Parker, Cyrille Dion, Maurice Daly, Albert Garnier, and thence to Cyrille Dion again, who became the permanent owner, winning the final game of its history in 1876, his average in the last game being $40\frac{29}{37}$, the largest ever made in the history of the "diamond cue" series of games.

The "diamond cue," by-the-way, had a rather ignoble career afterward. After Cyrille Dion's death, it passed into the possession of a Broadway shopkeeper as security for a loan, and for a long time ornamented a Sixth Avenue shop-window. It finally became the property of a well-known book-maker. This cue was the most distinct trophy of championship that billiards has ever had. Its workmanship is exceedingly artistic.

Public interest in the American game began to wane about 1870, a fact probably largely due to the conditions which decided the ownership of the cue, and attention began to be more strongly directed to the French carrom or three-ball game, the adoption of which also marked the disuse of pockets in billiard tables proper.

The first tournament was held in this city in June, 1873, the size of the table being 5 by 10, which is still the size for championship games. Its adoption as the standard game made the French players Garnier, Vignaux, and Ubassy conspicuous in this country, and ultimately led to international contests after they had returned to their native land. When a run of 113 was made in the first tournament, it was considered remarkable, and for days furnished the theme for extraordinary comment and wonder. For several years the game was highly regarded by the public; but the experts gradually acquired complete mastery of its earlier difficulties, and developed the famous "rail" nursing, until a player could "run out" a game of several hundred points in a few innings. Vignaux, in the international game with Slosson in Paris in 1880, made the quota of 800 points on the fourth night without giving the American a chance at the table.

As public interest diminished, the players saw the necessity of making restrictions to prevent inordinately large runs, and the Champions' Game was instituted at a tournament in 1879. This introduced four triangular spaces at the different corners of the table, thus diminishing the extent of space for the rail play. These spaces were afterward increased. A short time previous the cushion-carrom game was inaugurated, but neither it nor the other ever became widely popular. Other restrictions were made later, forming what are known as the "space" and "continuous-line" games, but they never attracted prominent public notice. These changes brought about a division among the leading billiard champions. Daly and Sexton devoted themselves to the cushion-carrom game, thinking it would ultimately become the popular game, while Schaefer and Slosson applied themselves to the balk-line game, which was first established by a tournament held in March, 1885, and which may fairly be considered a sort of compromise and the natural outgrowth of the various restrictive games. At first the eight-inch line was used, but it was afterward increased by degrees to fourteen inches. Schaefer's and Slosson's close adherence to this style of billiards gradually gave them that superiority over their opponents which enabled them to successfully give the odds in the present tournament. The last important contest played in this city up to the present time was that between Schaefer and Vignaux, from January 26 to 31, 1886, in which the little American easily defeated the Frenchman in a game of 4000 points, played in a series of five nights.

But it is a noteworthy fact that notwithstanding the long interim since a champion tournament was last played in this city, due chiefly to the inequality of the leading players at any one game, the game of billiards itself has extended vastly, and is popular to-day to an extent never before approached in this country.

S. GOODFRIEND.

THE LENTEN LECTURES AT OLD TRINITY.

ON Monday, February 24th, a series of addresses was begun at Trinity Church, the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, having consented to deliver six Lenten lectures to the business men of New York. The time for the daily service was fixed at twelve o'clock, and the intention was that the exercises should be finished within the hour. The addresses were for men alone, not because of any special subject or treatment, but because it was feared that women, if permitted to attend at all, would so throng the church that men would be thereby excluded.

The announcement which preceded this service was of the briefest and most inconspicuous kind; a paragraph in the daily press and a placard exposed upon the fence which surrounds the Trinity church-yard being the only steps taken to secure attendance.

The first address was listened to by a body of business men who comfortably filled the church; but since that day, at the noon hour, the interior has been packed with a notable congregation of representative business men of New York. As early as 11.30 each day the seats were all taken, and after that hour the throng that pressed in filled the aisles, the great space at the rear, and even crowded into the chancel. For the first time in the history of Trinity Church the chancel has been thus occupied. In this congregation were many of the busiest and most influential men of affairs in New York. Bankers, brokers, lawyers, and merchants of wide repute were there, sitting or standing beside young men who are clerks or other employés in the offices in and near Wall Street.

Hundreds have been daily turned away because the capacity of the church was reached fifteen minutes before the hour set for the service to begin. Many women have applied for admission; some of them even imploring the ushers to relax their vigilance, and permit them to enter. They have been denied, and in these great congregations for six days not a woman's face has been visible.

The services have been of the simplest kind. Threading his way with some difficulty, because of the throng, from the vestry-room to the pulpit, Dr. Brooks, having mounted to the desk, announced a hymn, one of the familiar songs of the church. The singing by these men of affairs, who but a moment before were busy with the activities of life, has been one of the most impressive features of the occasion. After the song and the pronouncing of the Lord's Prayer, Dr. Brooks began his address. He speaks with marvellous rapidity, but his voice is so melodious and his utterance so distinct that this quick utterance enhances the force of his thought.

The entire series has been devoted to the presentation of a single theme, "The Freedom of the Christian Life," and on each day the theme has been presented from a different point of view. Speaking to an audience composed of representatives of all sects, and containing many men who are of no sect, Dr. Brooks's addresses have been characterized by broad catholicity of thought and the most liberal of Christian opinions. The success attending this series has far surpassed the anticipation of the Rev. Dr. Dix and his associates in the direction of Trinity Church affairs.

RIMINI AND FRANCESCA.

THE tourist rarely stops at Rimini, for his only rule of faith and practice—the guide-book—has little to say about it. He has heard of Rimini of course, but it is only as the former residence of Francesca da Rimini, and as she has been dead for a long time, he does not think it worth while to stop at Rimini, and ask if there is anything new in connection with the painful scandal associated with Francesca's name.

And yet Rimini is a delightful old town. It is even gay during the summer bathing season, and there are worse ways of spending a July night than that of sitting on the balcony of the bathing establishment, listening to the band and watching the moonlight on the Adriatic. There are scores of pretty girls from all parts of Italy passing the evening in the same way, their mothers discussing clothing, their fathers smoking and talking politics, and they themselves watching demurely out of the corners of their wonderful eyes for a discreet glance from some eligible young man.

The town itself is bounded on three sides by water, being planted on the sea-shore between two rivers—the Marecchia and the Ausa. It is surrounded with ancient walls six hundred years old, and its streets are narrow and, not to put too fine a point upon it, gloomy. I wish I could say that Rimini is a cheerful place outside of the bathing establishment, but it really is not. Nevertheless, to a man who is in search of quiet, and wants a town where he can live economically, breathe pure air, and content himself with the feeling that he has gone back at least two centuries, and is living, say, in 1680, Rimini is delightful. You cannot spend a week at the Rimini hotel, and at the end of that time believe in the nineteenth century. In fact that prosaic century has not yet reached Rimini. Even that curious person Mr. Hare, whose industrious scissors have compiled a whole series of Italian guide-books, must have lost at least ten years when he visited Rimini, for he says of the Hotel Tre Re that it is "most comfortable," and of the Hotel Agnello d'Oro that it is "very inferior." Now the latter hotel ceased to exist fully ten years before Mr. Hare found it "very inferior."

Rimini has seen a great deal of history. It was originally an Umbrian city, with intervals of Etruscan conquest. Then the Senones—a tribe of Gauls—held it for many years. Afterward it was Roman, Byzantine, and Papal. Once it set up as an independent republic, and as such was ruled by the Malatesta family. Once it belonged to France, and at last it is Italian. Of all of these adventures in government, Rimini shows but few architectural traces, except such as are Roman or Malatestan. It has the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, but they are even more out of repair than is the average Roman remain. It has, however, a fine bridge over the Marecchic, which was built by Augustus, and is in use to this day. One of the arches was recently destroyed to arrest the march of Narses; that is to say, it was destroyed in the year 552, a date which seems quite recent in Rimini. The Goths were temporarily holding the town at the time, and Narses was bent on recapturing it for Byzantium. However, the bridge was afterward repaired, and is now as good as ever.

There is also a triumphal arch erected to Augustus during his days of prosperity. It is in fairly good repair, and wears still a fantastic head-dress of machicolated brick-work, which was put upon it some time in the Middle Ages, when the only idea which a monument of any kind suggested to an Italian was how to fortify it, and shoot other people who might approach it. There is a famous stone—a fragment of a column—standing in the Piazza Giulio Cesare upon which Julius Cæsar stood and addressed his troops after he had crossed the Rubicon. If you have any doubts as to the truth of this legend, it is as well not to mention them openly in Rimini. It is one of the proudest possessions of Rimini, and her people do not like to have doubts cast upon it. If you wish to know my own opinion, I will frankly say that I do not believe that Cæsar ever stood on that stone, for it is much more probable that he stood on the steps of the neighboring church of St. Francisco di Paola, which would have afforded him a much better rostrum.

The Malatestas, or Bad-heads, as the name literally and appropriately means, ruled over Rimini for several centuries. Most of the buildings that are noteworthy in Rimini were built by or in the time of the Bad-heads. The Rock of the Malatestas, an immensely strong fortress, where the head of the family usually kept himself out of reach of his subjects, was dismantled in 1826 by the then pope, and Mr. Hare in mentioning it evidently suffers grinding torments because of the hopelessness of attributing the act to the "vandalism" of the Italian government—I should say the "Sardinian" government, for, as Mr. Hare's readers know, he has never recognized united Italy, and at the very thought of it he tears off his bonnet, throws it on the ground, and dances on it, using at the same time as much strong language as is consistent with his standing as an evangelical parson. Even in its present state the Rock is a wicked-looking old place. At one end of the Piazza Giulio Cesare stands the Cisterni Palace, in which Riminese tradition says that Francesca was killed, though it is more probable that she met her death within the walls of the Rock. The Palazzo Communale, although the Gothic part of it is older than the Malatesta period, is intimately associated with those able scoundrels, who used it then, as it is used now, as the City Hall of Rimini. It contains, by-the-bye, among other pictures, a Ghirlandajo and a Giovanni Bellini, which are gems in their way.

It is perhaps due to the dread inspired by these Malatestas that Rimini has felt the need of so strong a force of patron saints. While an ordinary Italian town is satisfied with one saintly protector, Rimini has no less than eight. This is all very well, provided the eight saints will work in concert; but if they disagree, or if each one assumes that some one of his colleagues will attend to the affairs of Rimini, and thereupon devotes himself exclusively to harp-playing, the town will find eight saints less efficient than one. Among these eight, St. Anthony of Padua stands very high in the estimation of the people. He once visited Rimini, and tried to preach to the people, but they refused to hear him, whereupon he walked down to the beach, and delivered a most eloquent sermon to the fishes, who listened with devout attention. If any one doubts this, let him go to Rimini, and he can see the very identical sea-beach. But Rimini has since repented of its rudeness, and has elected St. Anthony as a patron saint, which, let us hope, has smoothed over the orignal difference between the saint and the people.

The cathedral is a curious jumble of heathen temple and Christian cemetery, with very little of a church about it; but it is very interesting to the lover of mediæval tombs. It was transformed from a decent Gothic church into its present indescribable condition in 1450, by order of Sigismond Malatesta, who has, so to speak, a front tomb in the best part of the house. In the same church is a statue of Signora Isotta di Atto, representing her as St. Michael—with much wealth of leg—crushing the dragon. This statue greatly pains Mr. Hare, who says that it bears the impious inscription, "*Divæ Isottæ*"—To the divine Isotta.

Now Isotta was one of the celebrities of Rimini. Sigismond Malatesta had had a great deal of trouble with his wives. In fact he was obliged to kill no less than three of them, owing to the lack of facilities for divorce. Nevertheless he lived in peace and happiness with Isotta as his mistress. She was beautiful, well educated, and humane, and she saved the lives of scores of people whom Sigismond would have killed if she had not requested him to spare them. This woman, who could partially tame such an unspeakable tiger as Sigismond Malatesta, was, on the whole, the most respectable person known in the history of Rimini under the Malatestas, and if any one in that unhappy town deserved a statue it was Isotta. The inscription, instead of running as Mr. Hare says it runs, is as follows: "D. Isottæ Ariminensi B. M.," which being translated means, "To Lady Isotta of Rimini, of good memory"; "D." standing for *Dominæ*, and not for *Divæ*. The inscription has the merit of being truthful, and Mr. Hare's hysterics are, as usual, unnecessary. The tomb of Isotta is close to her statue, and here and elsewhere in the church are curious bass-reliefs, the work of Simone di Firenze, some of which, especially those of cherubs and children, are not unworthy of Luca della Robbia.

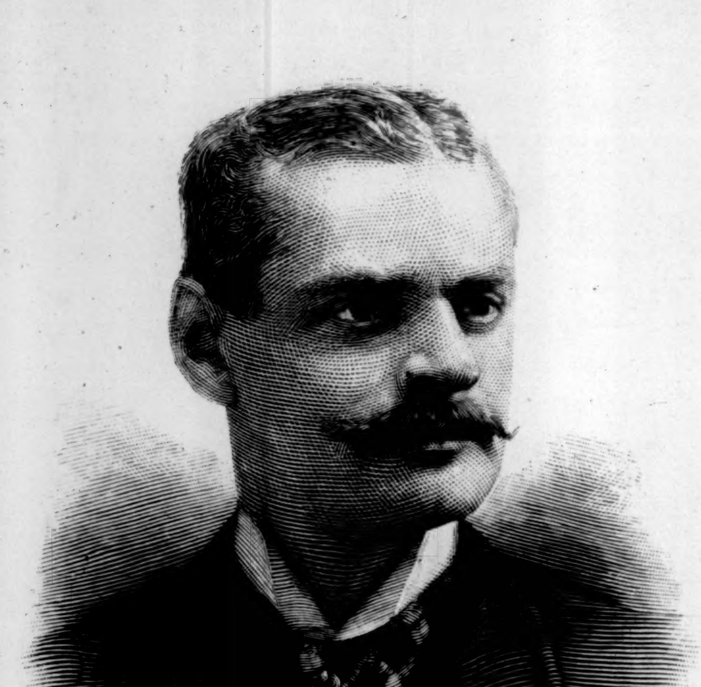
Every Italian town has or has had its own antiquarian. He is usually a priest, and he is always wonderfully painstaking and prolix in the extensive volumes which he writes concerning the antiquities of his native town. Rimini's antiquarian is a certain Doctor Luigi Tonini, and he has made a study of the story of Francesca which is a miracle of misapplied industry, but which nevertheless throws considerable new light on the tragedy which has furnished so much capital to poets of all grades and nations, from Dante to Leigh Hunt and Silvio Pellico.

Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, having fought the Malatesta, and had reason to repent of it, proposed to make peace, and as an inducement offered his daughter in marriage to Giovanni Malatesta. Parenthetically it might be remarked that Polenta means hasty-pudding; but it does not appear that the newspapers of the period made any airy jokes concerning the marriage of John Bad-head to Frances Hasty-pudding. Journalism was clearly in its infancy in the thirteenth century, which was the century in which the Malatestas and the Polentas intermarried. Giovanni Malatesta was not only a hunchback, but he was also lame, and was known to his contemporaries as Giovanni Zoppo, or Lame John. Neither did he possess any more of the beauty of holiness than did the rest of his family. Knowing his deficiencies, he did not care to shock Francesca by prematurely presenting himself to her, and he therefore hit upon the plan of sending his brother Paolo to Ravenna to marry her by proxy.

Here was where Giovanni's judgment was wrong. Paolo was a widower of more than forty years of age, and encumbered with two children; but he was rather handsome, and being a Malatesta, he was naturally anxious to do all the mischief that lay in his power. When Francesca met him she supposed that he was Giovanni, and at once fell in love with him. At least so she always said, if we are to believe Boccaccio, but as she obviously fibbed when she made her celebrated statement to Dante, we cannot implicitly believe her. She was married by proxy, according to Giovanni's plan, and Paolo conducted her to Rimini, where she met her real husband, and it is to be hoped he was satisfied with the successful way in which he had muddled the whole business.

What was Francesca's age, either at the time of her marriage or of her death, we have no means of knowing. She must, however, have lived for some years as the wife of Giovanni, for she became the mother of two children—a boy, whose name has not been preserved, and a girl named Concordia. She was evidently entitled to be regarded as a matron, and when she pictured herself to Dante as an innocent young girl, who was too impressionable to read poetry safely, she did not adhere strictly to truth. She had evidently carried on her intrigue with the middle-aged widower Paolo from the time when he escorted her from Ravenna to Rimini, and she was certainly old enough to know better. Her punishment, according to Dante, consisted in sailing serenely through the murky air of hell in perpetual company with Paolo. A pair of young lovers would hardly have regarded this as punishment; but two middle-aged persons, who had already carried on an intrigue for several years in gloomy Rimini, could hardly have had a worse punishment than that of being condemned forever to the exclusive society of one another.

Giovanni Malatesta, having learned of his wife's infidelity and his brother's treason, could not, as a mediæval gentleman, do less than to kill them both. This he did in about the year 1289, though it is fair to say that the date is not satisfactory to Dr. Tonini, who is prepared to write several octavo volumes



WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, THE GREAT NEW YORK LANDLORD.
From a Photograph.—[See Article on "The Astor Heritage," Page 186.]

to prove that it is a year or two out of the way. Giovanni afterward married two more wives successively, and died in 1304. It is probable that he regretted the necessity of killing Paolo, for after that fascinating widower's death there was no other handsome brother whom Giovanni could employ to marry wives by proxy, and thus reconcile them to their fate.

How many tears have been shed over the young, beautiful, and innocent Beatrice dei Cenci! And, latterly, the world has found out that Beatrice was fully thirty years old, and that she was no better than she should have been. Alas! it is only too probable that Francesca da Rimini was a fat and frisky matron of forty years or so, but do not let us believe it until Dr. Tornini conclusively proves that such was the case.

W. L. Alden.

AN IMPERFECT LAW.

The recurrence of the anniversary of the enactment of the most daring experimental legislation that was ever placed upon the Federal statute-books, the Inter-State Commerce Law would of itself suggest a reconsideration of the operation of that act. But fresh interest has been aroused in the subject of governmental supervision of railways by an increasing volume of complaints that the enforcement of the law develops injustice and forces discrimination in the matter of rates, yet of a character that was practically unknown before its passage. The railroads have all along claimed that the law is unjust to them in at least one important respect, and that it works hardships in other respects. Their particular grievance is that their operations, and especially their ability to engage in competition, are restrained, whereas the most aggressive competitors of a number of very important roads are, owing to their foreign ownership and the fact that their tracks are entirely in a foreign country, untrammelled by any of the restrictive provisions of the Inter-State Law. The competition of the Canadian roads has not been limited to the American lines to which they are practically parallel. The rates that they make on through business constitute a factor in the tariffs of scores of tributary roads in the West and Northwest. The Canadian roads have managed skilfully to secure many hundreds of miles of feeders in the United States, and in a few months they will virtually reach St. Louis, and draw from all the region between that centre and our Northern boundary line.

It is argued that having once secured the patronage of the nearer Northwestern States, they will be able to hold it, or rather their share of it, and at the same time determine the rates at which all of the roads with which they come into competition must do business. That argument is based upon the belief that the inhabitants of those States will not consent to be deprived of the cheapest means of transportation within their reach. It is to be regretted that such a broad view of international intercourse does not obtain in the West and elsewhere in respect to other commercial operations. The American roads, or those who have invested in them, are not asking for protection in this matter, but solely for justice. It has not been suggested by any one that the American roads should have advantages legislated to them in their competition with the heavily subsidized and military railways of Canada; but every one whose sense of justice is not blunted, or whose mental vision is not obstructed by self-interest, must see that the Canadian roads enjoy advantages that the American roads do not, and that through no fault of theirs, but because Congress permits it. The conditions of the unequal struggle between the American and Canadian Trunk lines could be modified in favor of the first-named by administrative action. With the license now given them, the Canadian lines are able to do what is absolutely forbidden to a foreign vessel, namely, to engage in our coastwise trade.

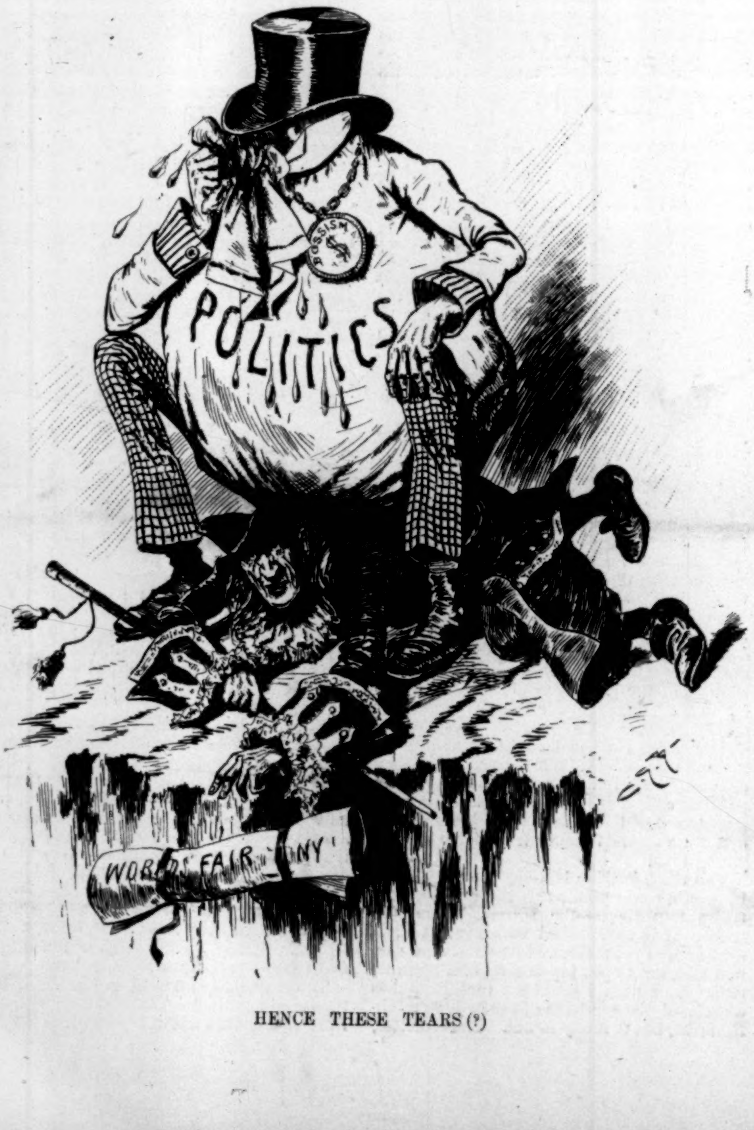
It has been contended by those familiar with the subject that the Canadian railways could be compelled to accept the essential provisions of the Inter-State Commerce Law, at least those provisions that have modified the natural conditions governing competition, by making their obedience to them the price of customs facilities in transporting freight out of the United States and into them again. Up to the present time, however, it has been impossible to make any progress in that direction. Such a movement to be successful would require co-operation between the Inter-State Commerce Commission and the Treasury Department, a coalition that is not likely to be made. It appears, therefore, that the only way in which the situation can be effectively dealt with is by an amendment to the Inter-State Commerce Law, specifying distinctly the terms upon which the Canadian companies shall share the traffic that American capital and labor are entirely adequate to handle.

The railroads now have what seems to be a most excellent opportunity to demand this relief, for a large and influential class of patrons of the railroads has already begun to demand the modification in their favor of one of the most important provisions of the law—that known as the long and short haul clause. The farmers, particularly at the West, are beginning to discover that the transportation industry cannot be run entirely as a wholesale business or as a retail business any more than any other industry or trade; that it must include both; and consequently they are beginning to clamor for the re-establishment of the old principle that is grounded in nature, and has been approved by common-sense and stood the test of time.

If these changes are made, and made speedily, there may be some chance for the champions of the Inter-State Law, and for the Commission established under it, to escape the attacks that are clearly gathering to reach for its most vulnerable point. Excellent information is that the Inter-State Commerce Commission is well convinced of the unconstitutionality of the law under which it is acting, and it is for this reason that it evades rendering decisions in important cases, where one party is quite as likely as the other, if dissatisfied with the ruling of the Commission, to raise and test the question of the constitutionality of the law. For some months the Commission has been drifting, and, for various trivial causes assigned, has performed no service of real importance to the railroads or their patrons. They have held under advisement for a year, lacking two weeks, the most important case that has ever been submitted to them, and one which was presented in the most exhaustive and able manner by both sides, namely, that of Coxe Brothers against the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The issue raised in that case is of the first importance to every individual miner of anthracite coal, to every coal-carrying railroad, and indeed to every one engaged in the coal industry, and more important than all, to every consumer of coal. Yet down to the present time no intimation of a decision has been given, and it is commonly reported in Washington that the Commission hopes that interest in the matter will die out, or the contestants come to a conclusion between themselves, and thus render a decision unnecessary. Possibly the reason for this seeming apathy is that this is one of the cases in which the railroad would be very likely to ignore an adverse decision, while the complainants can confidently be counted upon to carry the matter into and through the courts to that of last resort, should they be the defeated party. The Inter-State Commerce Law contains many beneficial provisions, but it should be enforced as a whole or repealed, and not permitted to become a dead letter upon the statute-books.

Collin Armstrong.

New York, *Saturday, March* 1, 1890.



HENCE THESE TEARS (?)

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UP AND DOWN THE GREAT KANAWHA.

WEST VIRGINIA AND ITS CAPITAL.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

I HAD diligently sought in eastern, or "Old," Virginia, as the people here call it, information in regard to West Virginia, but nobody seemed to know much about the latter State away from two or three lines of railway. I was therefore much struck when I came to examine here at Charleston a large map of West Virginia by the number of details it contained. Every little creek branch, each isolated spur and peak, had its name, as well as the long watercourses and dividing ranges; and roads were marked, villages and post-offices exhibited, throughout the whole extent of the mountains, even where there was not a railroad within 150 miles.

"The mountains seem to be well explored and known to their remotest corners," I remarked.

"Oh yes; *we* know the State, but outsiders do not, because they have not been taught its consequence. We have lain between the great avenues of Western emigration north of us, and of Southern travel to the east and south, and so the world has gone around us. But that is being remedied very rapidly. Two trunk lines of railway now cross east and west, and one of these (the Chesapeake and Ohio) is the shortest route to the sea from Chicago. Several branch lines are penetrating into the heart of the State to reach her timber tracts, and her rich but remote grazing and farming districts; while coal lands which far exceed in extent those possessed by any other State in the Union are now undergoing development upon a grand scale, not only in the older districts about Wheeling and Parkersburg, but in the upper Kanawha and New River valleys, along Coal River, and over on the Bluestone. Capital is coming from Northern and Western purses, yet so quietly that few of our own people comprehend the magnitude of the investments."

That a good beginning has been made is apparent in this pleasant and thriving capital, which has a brisk air quite in contrast to the ordinary Southern town. Its situation is good, both commercially and æsthetically. Noble hills rise all around it, except to the east, wooded for the most part, but here and there showing clearings covered with verdant turf or cultivated crops, and dotted with handsome suburban residences, while the city itself is built upon a plateau overlooking on the south the Great Kanawha, and on the west Elk River, which joins the former at this point.

Charleston now numbers about 10,000 people, but is much more of a city commercially than that population elsewhere would indicate. This is due to her isolation. There is no supplying point or larger town nearer than Cincinnati, 200 miles west; and twenty counties, or nearly half the State, together with a share of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio, are directly tributary to Charleston's wholesale and jobbing houses, machine shops, iron-works, and mills, while her civilization attracts to her as a residence many owners and managers of rich agricultural or mineral properties among the mountains, who are averse to living amid the rough and unpleasant scenes surrounding their mines and furnaces. Lastly, she is the capital of the State and the seat of the higher courts, and thus is the home not only of the officers of the commonwealth, but of leaders at the bar and aspiring politicians. A society which has furnished the State at one time a Governor, a United States Senator, and a Representative in Congress, is surely of some consequence.

It is largely a town of old families; men who descended from the pioneer settlers, and have inherited a large share of their peculiar virtues—prominently the strong bent toward personal liberty and the love of land. Naturally, however, such people are conservative; and it must be confessed that the valley is far less indebted to them for progress than to new-comers. This is equally true of the whole length of the mountain foot. The "old residenters" cannot appreciate the opportunities for expansion of business right under their feet, and must be pried out of the way before much can be done. A very small percentage of invested capital in mining, lumbering, furnaces, etc., here, or in Kentucky, Tennessee, or Alabama, is home money. For one reason, the people haven't had much to invest; but even if they had had it, they would not have done so, and consequently are losing their influence. This appears even in politics. This part of the State has been called the Gibraltar of Democracy; but now that faith has been so weakened that the Republicans expect to carry the next election. As the wheel of progress rolls on, those who were on top must necessarily be carried under, unless they can scramble up as the revolution proceeds. These Southern mountaineers are too stiff in their mental joints (with exceptions, of course), and perhaps constitutionally so. Let us see what their stock is.

Down this Great Kanawha River came the very first explorers of the mysterious "West" beyond the Alleghanies—sturdy Scotch-Irish Presbyterian people from Virginia and Pennsylvania, whose story is the most thrilling chapter in the whole exciting tale of American border adventure. As early as 1654 white men had found the head of the river in the upper part of the New, and had traced its course a little way; but it was not until 1748 that any settlement was made on these head waters, and not until 1755 that a party of captive women, hurried by raiding Shawnees back to their towns, near where Cincinnati now stands, learned in weariness and pain how the New, or Wood's River, descended through deep and rocky gorges, until expanded and re-enforced, it flowed northwestward, a strong and steady river, to the Ohio. This long watercourse, which drains a basin far larger than that of the Hudson, had names in all the Indian dialects of the West and South, for every tribe, from the Cherokees of Georgia to the Delawares and Six Nations of the North, knew the trails that led by it over the mountains; but after a while it was called among the whites after the Connahways (as Daniel Boone spelled it)—an Algonkin tribe that occupied the region about its sources, and northward to the Potomac. Through many vicissitudes of spelling this name has been reduced to "Kanáwha," in which the *h* is misplaced and a terminal *y* is missing, for the phonetic orthography would be *Kenáhway*.

It is a curious thing that the very earliest experiences and observations of the white people in this valley should have indicated what, until recently, was the principal industry here, and also what promises in the future to become a most important element in prosperity—salt and natural gas. As you drive up the Piedmont Road, which runs along the high river-bank, as soon as you have passed Campbell's Creek, you come upon a tall and ruined chimney-stack and a large series of low roofs covering scores of rude wooden vats, all cracked and rotting together into a sort of picturesqueness most inviting to an etcher. These are abandoned salt-works on the site of the old Buffalo Lick, where fifty years ago 100,000 bushels of salt were made and sold annually. Some miles above is a quaint old village, apple-shaded and rose-embowered, once more important than Charleston itself, which was supported by other works, whose wells were bored near the famous Burning Spring, and the sites of which are marked by the crumbling memorial shafts of their tall chimneys. One establishment only persists, eight miles above town, and its methods are little varied from those of a primitive day.

When, in 1755, poor Mrs. William Ingles (who was the great-grandmother of Dr. J. P. Hale, of Charleston, author of *Trans-Alleghany Pioneers*) was carried down this way by the Shawnees, they stopped at Campbell's Creek, and spent several days in making salt. The buffalo, elk, and deer had worn a broad trail through the hills down to some saline springs on the river-bank; and while the warriors hunted and feasted, the white women were set at boiling brine in their own pans and kettles, which formed a part of the plunder; so that a supply of salt might be carried home by the Indians. The last buffalo killed in the Kanawha Valley was no longer ago than 1815, and within twelve miles of Charleston; the last elk, in 1820.

Mrs. Ingles escaped after a few months, and with almost incredible peril and endurance retraced her long route, and reached her friends in what is now Giles County, Virginia. Explorers and hunters, guided by her story, now and then went down the river, and after 1771 daring men and women were building cabins, and holding them as long as possible against the thousands of savages who swarmed in the woods; for what reason no one but their own foolhardy spirits could judge. One hears their praise sung as "heroes." Of the stuff of heroes they were made undoubtedly, but to go with families a hundred miles and more into this hostile wilderness ahead of the last man served no purpose, public or private, save the gratification of their own barbarous love of danger, and hence it was not heroism, but simply bravado; yet, being there, they acted always like true heroes in each other's defence, and it would be difficult to match some of the deeds of unselfish daring which these men and women were capable of during the Indian wars that constantly harassed the border. The best and most famous representative of them was Daniel Boone, who not only often passed up and down the Kanawha, but for eleven years, from 1788 to 1799, lived in a cabin on the south bank of the river opposite the salt lick. In 1791 he was lieutenant-colonel of the local militia, and represented the new county in the Legislature at Richmond. Many traditions and relics of him remain here, such as manuscript notes of surveys, the trap which caught the first beaver west of the Alleghanies, and a walking-stick of "yew pine," by which he introduced to the settlers this new tree, valuable forests of which he found covering the mountains of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

In 1773 a Colonel Bullit "took up" a thousand acres, embracing the present site of Charleston, as a reward for his military services; and two years later George Washington wandered about here, surveying for Colonel Fry, and looking up land for himself. A small pool had just been discovered about nine miles above the mouth of the Elk, which bubbled with exuding gas that would ignite and burn steadily. This spring, with 250 acres of the bottom-land around it, Washington pre-empted. Now a well near by, 2500 feet deep, supplies gas enough to light the locks and dam of the Kanawha, and is soon to be utilized as fuel for a large furnace. This spring was an object of great interest to Washington, who by testament and deed left the acre of land upon which it stands as a free gift to the public, expressing his foresight that the time would come when it would be not only a curious but a most serviceable possession—just *how*, he was too unskilled to perceive; but by some defect of record the ownership soon reverted to private hands, and has remained so.

The pressure of emigration all along the mountainous frontier, from Boone's explorers in Kentucky to Cresap's "improvers' cabins," far up the Ohio, and the machinations of English loyalists, who hoped by an Indian war to so divert the attention and energies of the colonists that they would forget the grievances urging them to rebellion, resulted in the uprising under the leadership of Cornstalk, against which Virginia sent General Andrew Lewis and an army in 1774. These rough but ready troops rendezvoused at Camp Union (now Lewisburg, near White Sulphur Springs), and thence, 1200 strong, marched down the Greenbrier and Kanawha to the mouth of the latter river, where the battle of Point Pleasant was waged. It was the biggest Indian fight that had ever taken place up to that time, and a large number of its men afterward became very famous, or were the parents of famous men. But it was far more than that; for by its crushing defeat of the Indians it upset Lord Dunmore's treachery, caused the expulsion of that enemy of the colonies, and made the Revolutionary struggle possible. It was really the initial conflict of the war for independence, and one of the decisive battles of the world.

Feeling safe from the Indians after that, settlers began to multiply along the fertile bottom-lands that bordered the Kanawha and its tributaries. A fort was sustained at Point Pleasant, but the settlers each had individual or neighborhood forts, and made their cabins as near bullet-proof as possible. The Salt Lick had been taken up, but this land at the junction of Kanawha and Elk rivers remained untouched until George Clendennin bought the land and went there to make his home, taking with him a party of former comrades in the Point Pleasant army, one of whom was a Ben Harrison, an indirect ancestor of the old General and of the present President of the United States. This was in 1788, and Clendennin's first move was to get the public surveyor of Greenbrier County, of which this was then a part, to lay off a town site, which he named Charlestown, in honor of his aged father, whose unmarked grave is now in the middle of a busy street. Clendennin's two-story house still stands, and is occupied, but its sound logs are concealed under weather-boarding and modern trimmings. The old stockade called Fort Lee, whence "Mad Ann" Bailey made her ride to Lewisburg during an Indian attack, and got the powder which saved the settlement, long ago disappeared.

From this beginning rose the town by slow degrees, but its progress would never have been so rapid had it not been for the neighboring salt-lick. This had never been forgotten. All the pioneers resorted to it for their salt, which was boiled down in the one family kettle in which they cooked their hominy and pork, bear bacon, or other fare; in which on wash-days they scalded their clothes, and in spring made their maple sugar. Among the most prominent names now in the town and lower valley are Dickinson and Ruffner. They are leaders in mercantile matters and other enterprises. The only salt-works now in existence is managed by a Dickinson. It was the original Dickinson who sold the Lick land to the first Ruffner, who intended himself to go at salt-making as a business. Circumstances prevented, and in 1797 his lessee, Elisha Brooks, setting up twenty-four small kettles in a double row over a fire, established himself as the first of the race of Kanawha salt-makers. His brine he dipped up from wells made by sinking two or three hollow logs endwise in the saline mud and quicksands, and thus managed to crystallize about one hundred and fifty pounds a day, which he could sell for eight or ten cents a pound. The brine was impregnated with iron, which gave the salt a reddish tinge, and it was to this fact that the country people attributed its peculiar strength and pungency. Orders came from far and near for "that strong red salt," which was delivered by trains of pack-horses.

Soon after Brooks, Ruffner's Sons went at manufacturing salt much more extensively. They attempted by sinking a "gum," or large hollow log, to get to the bottom of the saline ooze, but though they struck bed-rock at thirteen feet, and cleaned out the bore of the gum, the brine that rose was weak and muddy. With slow toil and constantly recurring disappointment in their experiments, they at last succeeded in boring forty or more feet beneath the bottom of the gum. It was this first boring of a deep well on the western slope of the Alleghanies, where now thousands of such borings easily pierce the earth for hundreds and even thousands of feet, that called forth the simple contrivance called here "slips," and in Pennsylvania "jars," without which deep borings would probably never have been possible. The inventor was a sharp-witted mechanic named Billy Morris, who perceived that by giving his drill a chisel edge, backing it up by a heavy sinker, and attaching it to his line of driving poles by a pair of steel links, which played up and down within each other for some thirty inches, he could get a jarring or hammering stroke far more effective than when the chisel was stiffly attached to the long rod. This apparatus was also of great service in disengaging the tools when they stuck. Morris did not patent it, nor receive any special reward; yet when we consider the vast interests—petroleum, gas, artesian water, salt, etc.—it has served, this invention deserves to rank with the spinning-jenny, the electric key, or the sewing-machine, and Charleston is proud of the man. The seed bag, an almost equally useful affair in well-boring, was also first thought of and applied in this same attempt to get at the subterranean source of the salt-water.

When, fifty-eight feet below the surface, the strong brine was at last tapped, a new difficulty presented itself in the necessity of keeping out the muddy surface water.

"They had to invent, contrive, and construct anew. A metal tube would naturally suggest itself to them, but there were neither metal tubes, nor sheet metal, nor metal-workers—save a home-made blacksmith—in all this region, and to bore a wooden tube forty feet long, and small enough in external diameter to go into the two-and-a-half-inch hole, was impracticable. What they did do was to whittle out of two long strips of wood two long half-tubes of the proper size, and fitting the edges carefully together, wrap the whole from end to end with small twine. This, with a bag of wrapping [the seed bag] near the lower end, to fit, as nearly as practicable, water-tight in the two-and-a-half-inch hole, was cautiously pressed down to its place, and found to answer the purpose perfectly. The brine flowed up freely through the tube into the gum, which was now provided with a water-tight floor or bottom, to hold it, and from which it was raised by the simple swape and bucket."

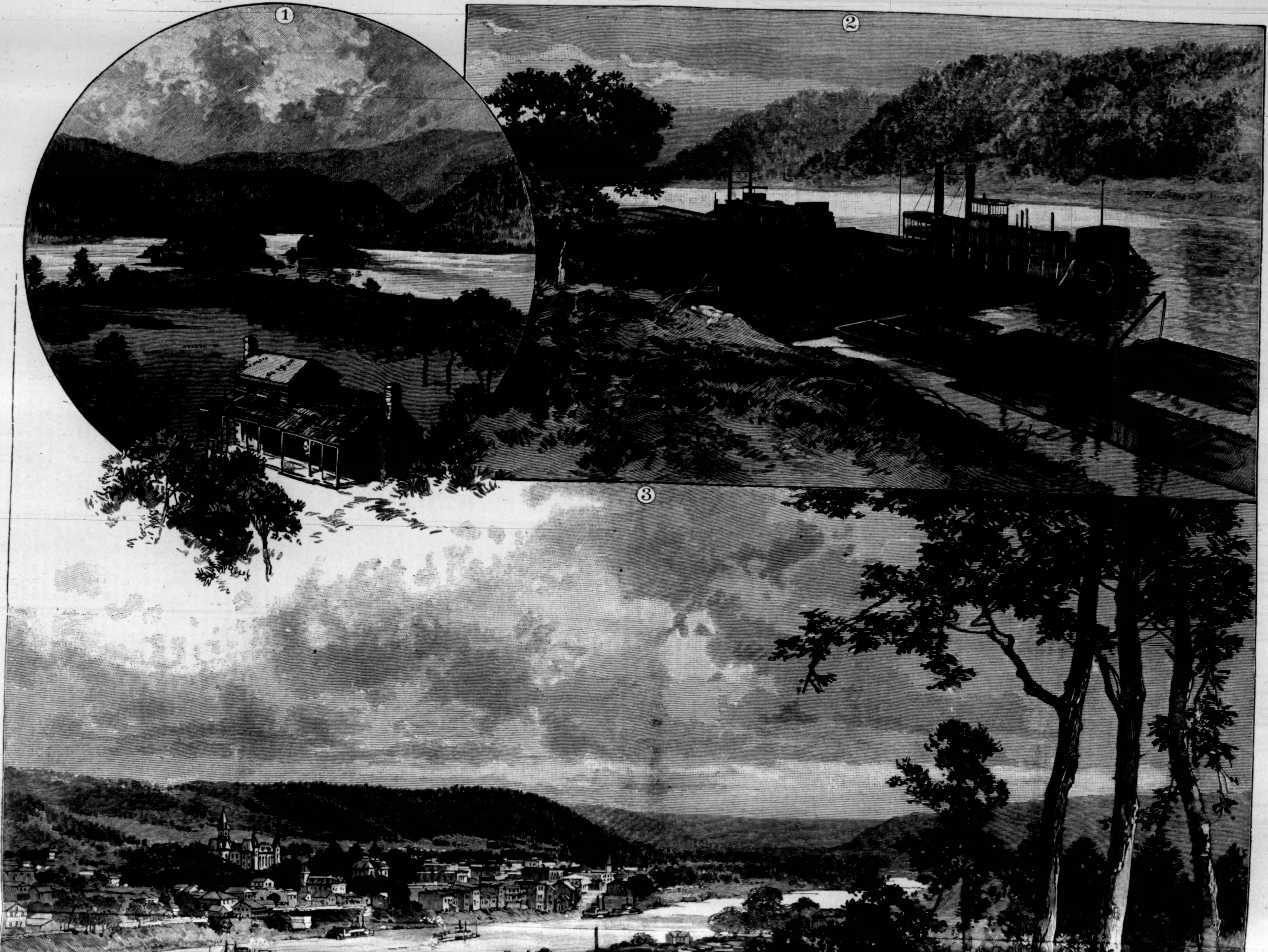
A new furnace was now built, and the price of salt fell to four cents a pound. Then other men went into it successfully, and an industry was developed which attracted a great increase of local population, for Kanawha salt was in demand in all parts of the country, especially for preserving meat—"salt-horse" and "sow-belly." By 1835 forty furnaces were evaporating two millions of bushels annually.

This product was at first sent down the river to Cincinnati and elsewhere in barrels piled upon enormous flat-boats, which were poled by hand, and the reminiscences of that period are full of amusing stories of the wild good-nature of the jolly boatmen. But after 1820 steam-boats began to come up this river, as well as along the Ohio, and the flat-boats disappeared, to the great detriment of the boat-yards. You may still see them, however, on both rivers, often covered with a house, and occupied by a migratory family of river folk. Sometimes they are gayly painted, have neat railings about the little deck at the ends to keep the children from tumbling off, and an air of coziness which makes the outsider envy their occupant his floating home. He is a tramp worth copying, for, snail-like, he carries his house with him wherever he goes, and owns at once both a carriage and a hotel.

For more than half a century the Kanawha Valley continued to be the largest salt-producing region in the United States except New York. When the Michigan fields began to compete, however, their stronger brine, cheaper fuel (sawdust), and proximity to the leading markets, forced the Virginia furnaces to close one after another, to the corresponding ruin of coopering and other attendant industries, until now one small one alone survives. Bromine and certain other chemicals are made from the bitterns at the same place.

I have dwelt upon this salt-making not only because it is interwoven with the history and is to a great extent the father of Charleston and of the prosperity of the valley, but because in its pursuit began the first use of coal and natural gas as furnace fuels.

The incident of Washington's "burning spring" will be remembered. Travellers al-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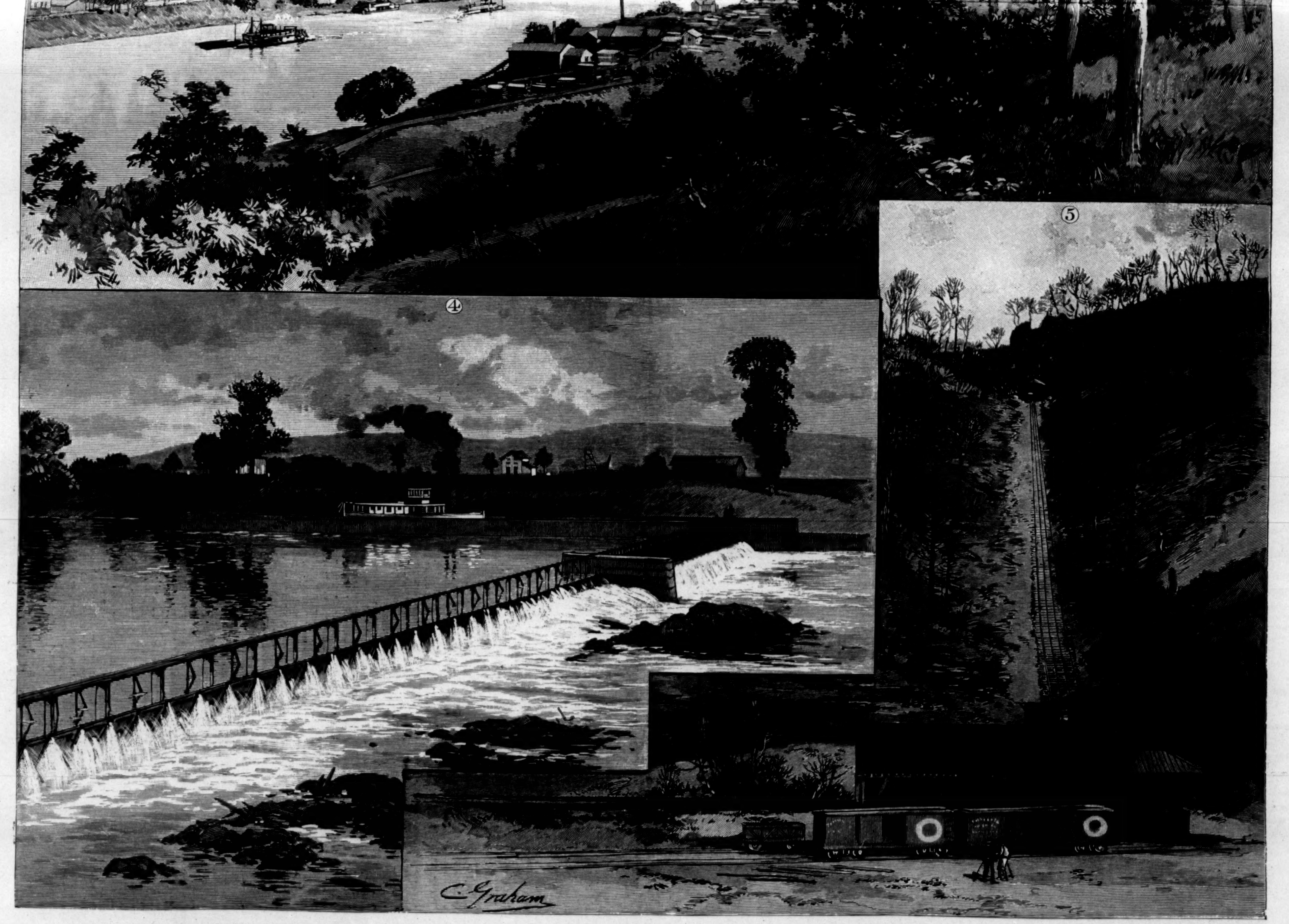


ALONG THE GREAT KANAWHA.—Drawn by Charles Graham, after Photographs by Becker & Fell, Charleston, West Virginia.

1. Junction of Greenbrier and New Rivers. 2. Coal Fleet (Barges and Tow-Boats) at Charleston. 3. City of Charleston, looking up the Great Kanawha. 4. Movable Dam No. 6 on Kanawha River. 5. A Coal Tipple on New River.

ways tried to stop near it at night in order to use it in cooking their rations. That, of course, was an oil or coal gas escaping through an oozy orifice. It could be observed all along the river at low stage, bubbling up through the water. In 1815 Captain James Wilson bored a well within the present city limits, until he struck a cavity that forced out gas and salt-water at a terrific rate, the gas catching fire from a neighboring grate, and blazing up in a brilliant flambeau, to the consternation of the workmen. This well is now owned by the Charleston Gas-light Company, who propose some time to reopen and utilize it. In 1841 a salt-maker led the gas from one of his wells to his furnace, and was undoubtedly the first American to burn natural gas for mechanical purposes. Two years later Messrs. Dickinson & Shrewsbury, boring a few rods below, tapped a great reservoir of gas, which instantly hurled a 500-pound sinker and several hundred feet of auger poles far into the air, followed by a column of salt-water 150 feet high. The roaring of this geyser could be heard a long distance, and the volume of gas escaping was thought to be sufficient to light London, Paris, and New York—a statement which, as Hale wisely says, considering the nature of the well, may be taken *cum grano salis.* At any rate it was an object of unfailing curiosity. A Harvard professor, a passenger on the stage, which always stopped to give everybody a sight of the wonder, was seized with a desire to know whether the gas would burn, and going quite near, lighted a match. In an instant the whole atmosphere was aflame, and the engine house on fire. The professor by jumping into the river escaped with the loss of his hair and a good many burns; but only saved himself from going to jail and other consequential punishments by confessing to Colonel Dickinson's lawyer, that he was "a natural damned fool and didn't know any better."

The great success which has followed the search for gas in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh and Wheeling, and the fact that geologically this locality is suitably situated to expect similar developments, being upon the line of Rogers's "great anticlinal," along which the northerly gas wells have been struck, lead to the supposition that deep boring will find it here. A company of Pittsburgh and Charleston capitalists are testing the validity of this theory, and have put down three wells, from one of which there has already been gained, at a depth of 2540 feet, a strong and persistent flow. This is utilized at present only to illuminate the river at the locks nine miles above Charleston, but a portion of it is to be led to the salt furnace. New wells are shortly to be driven, and if successful, the gas will be piped to the city. There seems to me no reason to doubt that somebody will find the reservoir again, and when it is tapped that all the great prosperity dreamed of will come to the locality in consequence, for marvellous stores of iron and timber are close at hand, and a facility of transportation which leaves Wheeling and Pittsburgh quite in the shade, so far as the river routes are concerned, and which quite equals them in the ease and distance of railway carriage to the seaboard.

When that gas is found, no doubt petroleum will be struck also. The gas and brine that come up are both impregnated with oil, and the very first shipment of fifty barrels of petroleum (skimmed from the salt-water) ever made went from this town to a Cincinnati druggist to be bottled and sold as liniment under high-sounding names.

Just before the war something like a million dollars was spent at Cannelton, a few miles up the valley, in making oil from cannel-coal, but the discovery of petroleum in Pennsylvania in 1861 put an end to this.

Socially before the war Charleston, which then had some 1500 inhabitants, combined the characteristics of an old Southern and a new Western town. There were a few rich old families who held slaves and lived in a large and jovial way, to which their huge houses scattered up and down the river, and more or less ruined, bear witness. Beside them were the professional men and the salt-makers, timber dealers and merchants, largely from the North, who dwelt in or near town, and built big houses surrounded by ample and beautiful gardens. The humbler populace was mainly a pretty rough and illiterate lot of people employed about the salt-works and upon the river, a good share of whom came from Ohio and New York State. Colored people were comparatively few.

The civil war came to this valley at the very opening. The battle of Scary, a dozen miles below here, on July 17, 1861, was among the earliest of the conflict. The town was largely Confederate in sympathy, and when General (afterward Governor) Henry A. Wise, who was in command, retreated a week after the Scary affair, he took with him several companies of local volunteers. The Federal officers gathered up several companies of Union men, *per contra,* but these were principally young mountaineers, who, as "poor whites," were traditionally opposed to the rich slave-owners. There was continual skirmishing toward the mountains, where Robert E. Lee was at first in command, and bushwhacking was incessant. In September, 1862, the Confederates regained possession, but held the valley only a few days. Ex-President Hayes and General Rosecrans were among the officers in command here, the former having his head-quarters for a long time at Kanawha Falls—a beautiful spot for summer soldiering. Charleston was not much injured by either army, though some fighting once occurred in its very streets; but business was demoralized and farming greatly diminished. Of course all the slaves ran away to "Massa Linkum's" troops.

Negroes formed the principal item in the property of citizens theretofore counted wealthy; and in many cases these were undoubted and active Union men, who came back from loyal service to find themselves poverty-stricken. Nevertheless the change in affairs at the close of the war was less striking here than along the seaboard. During and following the rebellion, salt brought high prices, and had an unlimited market. In the revival of business which followed, timber, coal, and iron were in demand, and the community generally began a new era of prosperity.

Among the first movements was the paving of the principal streets with brick, an experiment which by its success has given Charleston quite a reputation. The clays of this locality are extremely good, not only for the making of good house brick, but also for tile, fire-brick, and pottery. (It may be remarked, also, in passing, that glass sand of excellent quality occurs here in plenty.) Out of this clay is burned a brick which is almost as hard as flint, and generally shows a vitreous surface. The roadway is prepared by covering to the required grade with sand and broken stone, which is floored over with planking. Upon this the bricks are laid on their edges, *en echelon.* This pavement has now been down on the main street over twenty years, and appears to be as good as new. It is asserted by experts that few varieties of granite block will endure traffic so well; it is as smooth as asphalt, and very easily repaired, while its cost here is less than a dollar a square yard, while good granite costs four to six dollars.

This fine red brick is employed in the new Federal building and in the State Capitol, which is a handsome edifice occupying a pretty square in the heart of the city. The decoration and furnishing of this building are on a generous scale and in excellent taste, and the city is justly proud of the final acquisition of this "Capitol on wheels," as the irreverent used to term it. One of its rooms is devoted to the State Library, made up of a valuable collection of law-books, with some general literature. Formerly the town possessed a public library, but now nothing of the kind exists; nor is there a museum nor historical society, though Charleston boasts several citizens well versed in the local lore, and the possessors of relics and archives of much historical interest which ought to be preserved in some public collection. This is an intelligent and well-schooled community; but the art society, the lecture course, and the Browning club have not yet taken root. Now that she has her water-works completed, two daily newspapers, her streets lighted by electricity, and the big new high-school done, perhaps the rest will be attended to without delay.

Although the town had largely augmented its population, had just been connected with the seaboard by the completion of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, and the mineral resources were undergoing rapid development, the financial calamity of 1873 gave it and the Kanawha Valley a blow from which they have required years to recover. As the decline almost to extinction of her salt-making and its attendant industries came soon after, Charleston would perhaps never —certainly not by this time—have regained her strength, had it not been for the improvement in the navigation of the river, the remarkable advance of coal-mining in the valley, and increase of iron and lumber making.

If you will examine a map of West Virginia, you will see that the sources and feeders of the Kanawha drain one-third of a State hardly inferior in size to Pennsylvania. The New River rises in North Carolina, runs northwest, and enters this State at its southern corner. It is soon re-enforced by the Greenbrier, a powerful stream coming through rich farming and stock-breeding valleys from the crest of the Alleghanies. Gauley River rises in the heavily timbered mountains of Greenbrier County, and pursues a devious and rapid course northwestward until it joins the New, thirty miles above Charleston, and forms the Great Kanawha, though the whole course of the main stream, from the source of the New on Grandfather Mountain to its mingling with the Ohio at Point Pleasant, ought to receive that one name. Besides numberless minor streams, the river receives two important tributaries below the Gauley. One of these—the Elk—is 150 miles long, unwaters the centre of the State, and flows through valuable timber, while many agricultural tracts and coal deposits may be found in its valley. Twelve miles below Charleston enters Coal River, which drains a rough and sterile but heavily forested region toward the south.

Gathering in the huge uplifts of Silurian limestone that form the central Appalachian heights, these powerful streams have cut their gorges through the more recent sandstone strata tilted up against the base of the main range. Their cañons are exceedingly rugged and picturesque, and those of the Greenbrier and New, down which the railway makes its adventurous way, are often both impressive and beautiful, making this route, so far as scenery goes, by far the most interesting of all the railway crossings of the Alleghanies.

On the limestone soil and in the cool, moist climate of the higher ranges, flourish unbroken forests of the coniferous trees most valuable for timber. Here is the largest body of white pine remaining in the East or South, and yellow pine, hemlock, white spruce, and the rare black spruce, or "yew pine" (*Abies nigra*). It is toward these pine woods, in which certain lumbermen from Michigan and other Northern States have quietly acquired possession of vast areas, that the West Virginia Central Railway is pushing as rapidly as possible by way of the valley of the South Potomac.

Lower down, on the sandstone soils, the whole rough face of the country is covered with hard-wood forests—walnut, ash, oak (tan-bark is one of the staple products), poplar, cherry, chestnut, hickory, linden, and many other kinds of more or less value. Here too corporations own wide tracts, which have been slowly picked up at low prices, and into which a railway is being extended from Weston on the north. There is a forest at the head of Cheat River which is sixty miles in breadth without a clearing. Other short branches from the Norfolk and Western and the Chesapeake and Ohio railways are gradually feeling their way into these vast woods from the south; but at present all the logs come down the rivers, and are sawed near the home railway or navigable waters, thus paying tribute to the supplying agencies and industries of Charleston and the Kanawha Valley.

Underlying all this vast hard-wood forest, interstratified with the carboniferous sandstones inclined against the Alleghanies, lies bituminous coal in every variety. It is the mainstay of the country. West Virginia's coal area amounts to 16,000 square miles, while Pennsylvania, the next largest, has only 12,700. Out of 54 counties only the 6 in the extreme northwestern corner lack coal; yet hitherto West Virginia has mined less than ten per cent. of the total yield of this Appalachian field, which spreads north to central Pennsylvania and northern Ohio, and south to middle Alabama. This shows how much room there is for development here, where, as we shall see, circumstances are peculiarly favorable for building up an immense coal production and trade.

Though mining has been done here and there on its tributaries, the great body of capital—almost wholly from the North—is invested along the Kanawha and New rivers, within sixty miles above Charleston. These are the Upper Coal Measures, and three separate beds are worked. Those mines along the lower part of the river are dug into the stratum "No. XIV.," or "Pittsburgh"; the group near Kanawha Falls is on "No. XIII."; and those farther up the New River Cañon are in the lowest or "conglomerate" beds, numbered "XII."

Of course the earliest settlers knew of this coal, which crops out in half the cliffs and stream beds, and Rogers had outlined the whole field before 1840; yet no coal was burned here except by blacksmiths until 1817, when a workable seam was discovered near Charleston, and at the instance of Mr. William H. Edwards (of Coalburg, the same who is known so widely by his splendid illustrated work on American butterflies), the Ruffner Brothers experimented as to its use in the furnace at their works. Thirty salt factories were then running, and all the wood had been cut off the near hills to feed their fires.

The ability, soon acquired, to burn mineral coal gave a great impetus to salt-making not only, but led to the inauguration of the new mining industries, which now support 50,000 people in this valley alone.

Coal mines occur all along the river on both sides, from six miles to about sixty above the city, and up many of the gulches, where several short branch railways have been extended. The coal crops out above Charleston, and is dug at all altitudes in the hills where it is accessible by drifts or horizontal tunnels; but below the city it dips under the water-level surface, and can be reached only by the more expensive vertical shafts. Along New River, the centre of operations, the hills are lofty and precipitous, with exposed ledges and cliffs of rock only half hidden by foliage. There most of the mines are near the summits, and to each runs a tramway as steep as the hill slope, up and down which the coal cars sent out from the mine ascend and descend, upon a cable operated by a stationary engine, from the entrance to the "tipple," or storehouse, at the river level, where the coal is loaded into railway cars or barges, as the case may be. The beds lie nearly level, and are from four to eight feet in thickness, so that they are easily worked. Americans form the principal white element among the miners, but a large proportion of the whole are colored men, most of whom have been brought in from eastern Virginia. These make excellent miners, and are a check against strikes, since they seem incapable of organization, and are averse to joining the white unions. The pay is good, and industrious men often make $60 to $80 a month. They occupy cottages, which are generally frame, and owned by the local company, which also runs an immense store, or "commissary"; and these villages are far more wholesome in appearance, as yet, than is usually seen under such circumstances. In some gulches log cabins roofed with shakes take the place of frame cottages. It is the policy of all the coal companies (which tend to combine into more powerful corporations) to buy not only all the coal lands they can get, but the adjacent bottoms and farming patches, and never to sell an acre, but only to rent. Many of the mines themselves are only leased by the operatives. Thus far the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, which reaches all these mines, has not taken a hand in production, contenting itself with the transportation of the coal, of which it carries to Newport News about a million tons annually, besides all that its local demand in Virginia and in Kentucky and Tennessee requires it to carry.

The greater part of this coal, however, moves Westward by barges down the river, and this has been made possible by the very notable improvements of the channel by the United States government, which are still in progress. As early as 1820, the failure of the first steamer that entered the Kanawha to get up as high as Charleston "induced the State of Virginia to direct the James River and Kanawha Company to improve the navigation of the Kanawha River so as to give three feet of water from the mouth to Kanawha Falls all the year." Not much was done, but there was incessant agitation on the subject, and a great effort was made to have a canal built over the mountains to connect the Kanawha with the James River. The French government became greatly interested in this scheme, and sent a commission of engineers, who reported its feasibility, and proposed a system of stupendous locks and reservoirs, including a long tunnel through the main Alleghanian range sufficient to let tugs and enormous barges pass.

It is very probable that these plans would have at least begun to be realized had not the civil war intervened. When peace returned, the people renewed their clamor, the opinions of the French engineers were requoted, and President Grant sent a commission here, which recommended the deepening of the river by a series of seven dams with locks, forming what is termed a slack-water navigability in the Kanawha. This was acceded to by Congress, and the work placed in charge of Mr. Addison M. Scott, who began operations in 1875. Several of the uppermost of these structures are completed, and large tow-boats and steamers can now ascend to Kanawha Falls, the natural head of navigation. When the entire improvement planned has been accomplished, there will be a continuous channel depth of at least seven feet, and coal barges can be locked down as fast as they can be loaded, and at less expense than now, while the empty barges returning will not interfere with the traffic.

With two exceptions all these dams are of the French movable pattern, copied by our engineers from those on the Seine and Loire —another legacy of the by-gone scheme. This consists of a line of uprights hinged upon a strong foundation of masonry, which lie down flat on the bottom, out of the way of boats at high water, but when the water is low can be lifted one by one and fixed upright, until a close fence is formed across the river which effectually dams the water back to the required depth. This was the first American application of this contrivance, which has since been adopted in one or two other Western rivers.

The expenditure thus far has been about $2,000,000, but the increase of business effected, and the reduction in the price of coal ensuing upon cheapened carriage, has reimbursed the tax-payers many times over.

The coals of this region are superior in quality. Cannel is mined in two or more localities; and the "splint" or "block" variety—hard, shining, and carrying well—which is so useful for domestic service and for raw use in blast-furnaces, is plentiful. This and even the poorer grades exceed in quality those of the Pittsburgh district, and those of Ohio and Illinois, in their proportion of fixed carbon, and in having a less percentage of sulphur. Mr. William Seymour Edwards, who has made a study of this matter, and to whom I am indebted for much information, declares these coals to be almost a counterpart of the once famous Briar Hill coal of Ohio—a "fancy" deposit now nearly exhausted—and shows that they constantly stand at the head of the price-list in Western cities. In Cincinnati they have gained fast on the Pittsburgh coal, which formerly commanded that market, and enormous quantities are now shipped to Chicago and all over the Northwest, where it gives entire satisfaction.

This coal is adapted to coking, and long lines of "beehive" ovens are a feature of the scenery in the mining valleys. The coke made here is superior in its amount of carbon and scarcity of ash, sulphur, and phosphorus to even the celebrated Connellsville coke, and constantly brings a higher price in market. It has proved itself peculiarly valuable for its melting and burden-bearing power in the blast, and is acquiring a high reputation and a very extensive sale. These coking coals underlie an immense area, and will be a source of great prosperity.

With Charleston's cheap fuel and favorable situation as regards transportation (which is the key to success in the West); with her prospects of natural gas and petroleum, and the probability that she will soon be connected with both the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania railroads' system of railways by connecting roads northward; and with the down-grade haul to her doors of the iron, lime, and manganese of the mountains—she has every right to feel buoyant in regard to the future. Her people are waking up, the shell of old traditions is cracking, new blood and money and energy are coming in, and the Kanawha Valley is rapidly coming to the front. Success to her!

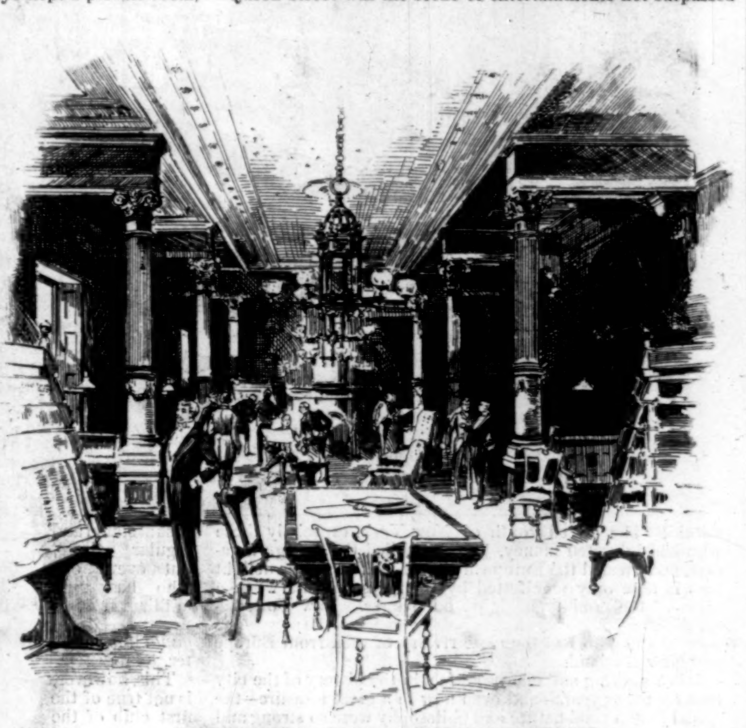
SOME NEW YORK CLUBS.

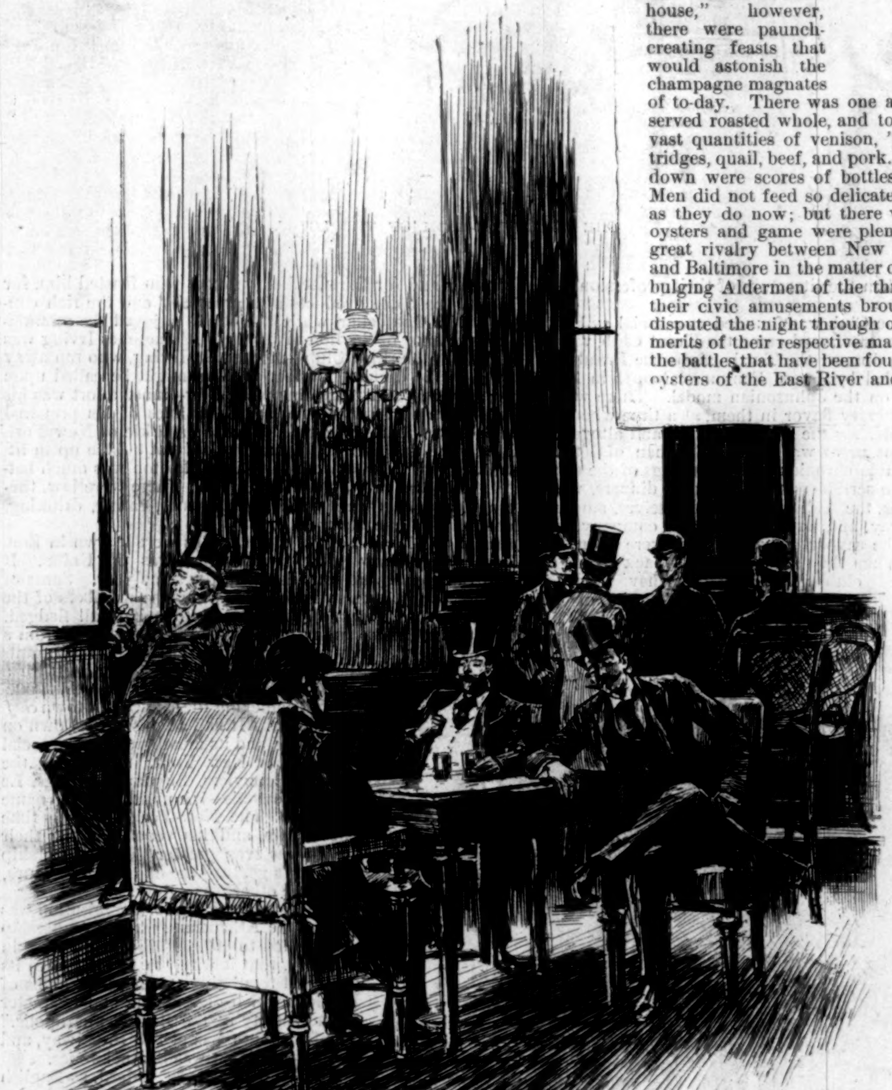
BY HENRY L. NELSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. DE THULSTRUP, CHARLES GRAHAM, AND BERT WILDER.

THERE is such a vast difference between the New York of the early part of the century and the New York of to-day, that we are not quite justified in saying that the one has developed from the other. The stream of growth has been diverted from its original course. The city, whose people once felt for it a local pride as intense as that which inspires the citizens of Boston or Philadelphia, is very largely the mere abiding-place of comparative strangers, who find it the best town of the country for making and spending money. New York, grown into a great metropolis, has suffered more than the usual fate of metropolitan cities. The native Londoner or Parisian is still fond of his birthplace, not alone of its history, but of its present achievements; the native New-Yorker—and he is rarely met—loves the memories of a cruder past. It is difficult for the stranger to find the old New-Yorker. He is crowded out of sight by the foreign immigrant, by the New-Englander—who at his first coming did not meet with a very generous welcome—by the Western millionaire, who is surcharging the social atmosphere with the ozone of extravagance. It used to be said by the late Miss Booth that all the native New-Yorkers had moved away, and that it was impossible to find one who continued to live in the city of his birth. One is less surprised to hear a resident of the town say that he was born in Massachusetts or Ohio or Ireland than that he first saw the light in New York. You will find Scotchmen, Yorkshiremen, Cornishmen, Hampshiremen, Frenchmen, Welshmen, and Irishmen in London, but there are cockneys too. Were there ever cockneys in New York? If you do not know that there were—and not many years ago at that—you do not know the metropolis.

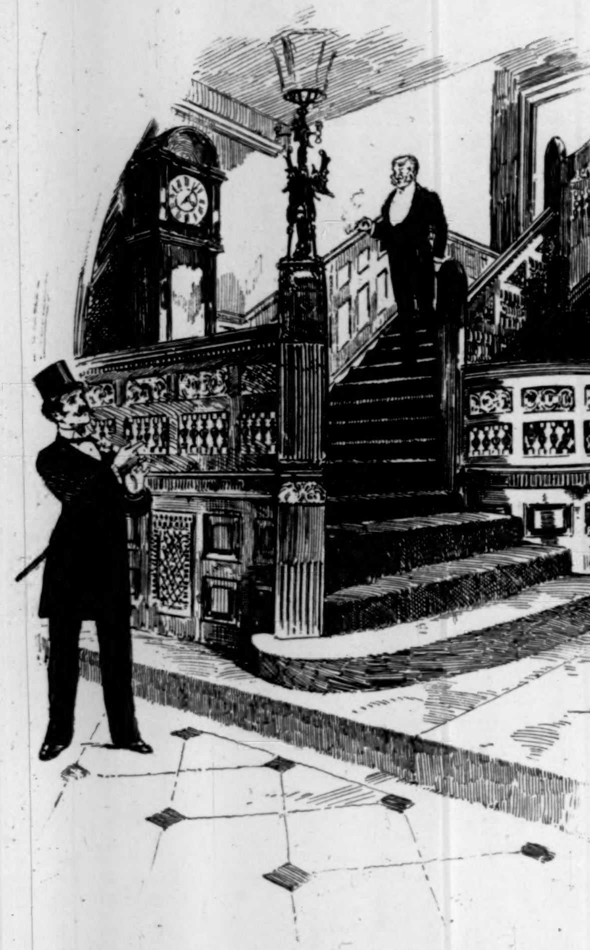
But the "Bowery Boy," with his red shirt, black doeskin trousers rolled up or tucked into his boots, his tall hat, his soap-lock, his cigar raking upward, as the masts of the old pirate crafts raked backward—this patronizing acquaintance of Mr. Thackeray's was not the only cockney of his time. He was unique and interesting. He knew the Bowery and its haunts. He hated the Irishman and the Yankee. But he was not alone. Over in the Ninth Ward were the American mechanics and carmen, who were almost the first "Know-Nothings" in the city, and who not only were unacquainted with anything better than that part of the town which had been Greenwich Village, but who believed that nothing could be better. There were a host of retail shopkeepers whose idea of rural scenes was limited by the Elysian Fields at Hoboken, which were once the New-Yorker's paradise, but are now devoted to Germans and beer. There were New-Yorkers who knew about horse trots, and were convinced that there was no track but the Union track, who loved cock-fighting and an occasional battle of dogs, but to whose thinking there were no sporting men or sporting places beyond Harlem. When a Bostonian or Philadelphian chanced to visit their haunts, they spoke of his coming as a wonder, and tolerantly gave him an opportunity to lose his money. There was bliss on the Fishing Banks and joy at Coney Island; but these resorts were attractive because one might spend a day at either of them and still sleep in New York. There were tap-rooms, sometimes called porter-houses, at which persons known as "the wits" used to assemble, and there are chronicles in which the discussions and scintillations of men whose names are now unknown are compared to evenings with Shakespeare and Jonson at "The Mermaid." There was the "Pewter Mug," the famous neighbor of Tammany Hall, when Tammany was content with down-town quarters, where Democratic politicians made slates, where Aaron Burr always kept a private room, and at whose bar Andrew Jackson won the admiration of the local magnates by standing up to his toddy like any ordinary American citizen. The most sturdy Democrats are often they who most abjectly appreciate undisguised condescension. Long afterward there was "Old Tom's," or the "Crooked Stoop." There were a "Shakespeare Inn" and a "Greenroom," the haunts of men who fondly thought their town rich in the life that gives to antique London its musty literary and artistic flavor. Earlier than all these was the famous "Bank Coffee-house," kept by Niblo—the great "Billy" Niblo, who afterward built the garden and theatre away up town at Broadway and Prince Street. It was here that the city politicians, at a time when New York names were very common in the Board of Aldermen, feasted after a fashion that gave point to the common joke concerning "Aldermanic proportions," not that New York was the first to fatten its Aldermen to a prize figure; the Aldermen of the Guilds of London ate their turtle and waxed fat centuries before the English did the Dutch out of New Amsterdam. At the "Bank Coffee-house," however, there were paunch-creating feasts that would astonish the champagne magnates of to-day. There was one at which a bear was served roasted whole, and to accompany it were vast quantities of venison, 'possum, ducks, partridges, quail, beef, and pork. And to wash these down were scores of bottles of sound Madeira. Men did not feed so delicately in those old days as they do now; but there were famous cooks, oysters and game were plentiful, and there was great rivalry between New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore in the matter of gastronomy. The bulging Aldermen of the three towns, whenever their civic amusements brought them together, disputed the night through over the comparative merits of their respective markets; and many are the battles that have been fought in defence of the oysters of the East River and Blue Point against the pretensions of the oysters of the Chesapeake and Lynn Haven bays.


THE READING-ROOM OF THE UNION LEAGUE.


THE CAFÉ OF THE UNION.

Time mellows the memory of that period, and perhaps the fat-feeding Aldermen are more conspicuous in history than they were in their own day. They were the every-day public-thoroughfare people—genial, good-natured, provincial. Their like does not now exist conspicuously, and it is hardly worth while discussing whether what has taken their place is or is not an improvement. Perhaps even those who are strenuous in asserting that all things have improved in the general advance of civilization will admit at least that when the ordinary street life of the town was American, it was perhaps as good as it is now when it is cosmopolitan. There was a great deal of local pride in New York in the early days, and there was a great deal of raw elegance. The sumptuous gluttony of the Aldermen, the unique and gusty charms of the Bowery Boy, were symptomatic. New York was the biggest place in this free and independent nation, and therefore the biggest place on earth. The plain people were content to live here, and rejoiced in what nature and man had done for them; while as to the great, was there not in the Duke of York's province, and in the more modern city, a society the like of which did not exist elsewhere in the New World? No one who lived in New York wanted to go anywhere else, except for a visit of curiosity. From the time when the Schout, Burgomasters, and Schepens ruled the town there was a splendor about the hospitality of New York that did not exist in any other part of the country. When Colonel Abraham De Peyster was Mayor, his house on Queen Street was the scene of entertainments not surpassed in pomp and magnificence even in these later days of superabundant wealth and extravagance. Outside the walls of the city, its gardens stretched to the East River; its immense rooms, some of them forty feet deep, were rich in carvings and gorgeous in furniture imported from London. From its iron balconies the Governors of the Province reviewed the civic and military processions. Mrs. Lamb tells us that the plate which Mayor De Peyster daily used on his table was valued at $8500. They were rare old times when the leading citizens were lords of manors, when gentlemen wore silks and velvets, when manners were softened by the knowledge that rudeness would be followed by the duel; but New York was not a great city in those days—not even half so great as the good people who lived here thought.

New York was rich and luxurious early in the century. John Adams was not the only rural wayfarer from Boston who wondered at the luxury of its entertainments, the costliness of its plate, the expensiveness of the dressing of both women and men, the elegance of the houses. New York was always fond of what the inventors of after-dinner pills call "the pleasures of the table," but which may be more fitly termed the delights of the stomach. The Aldermen were not the only inhabitants of the town who grew fat on good living. When Boston was dining at noon, and dissipating in simple suppers which could not possibly interfere with digestion, New York was revelling in late dinners, and was dainty about its cooking. A great cook was a great man, even down to the middle of the century. There are many men living to-day who recall the famous Henri Gussin, and the still more famous Kerner, in very early days the steward of the Union Club, and at whose annual dinner the best men of the city sat down. It was a mighty privilege to dine with Kerner on this occasion, and many a rich man has longed for the *visé* of the great cook which pronounced the happy recipient a member of the best society. It was quite as great a privilege to be permitted to order shirts at Mrs. Cannon's, for that admirable and highly esteemed lady insisted that the man who wore linen from her shop should have social position; and the favored men frequented her charming parlors where the formation of the Union Club was discussed and decided upon. There is before me now a list of the men who met one another at Mrs. Cannon's, kindly written out for me by one of them—one of the few who attended the good lady's funeral. It is impossible to give all these names; but some of them are famous in politics, in society, in the literature of the time. There were John Jacob Astor, the Schuylers, Rays, Emmetts, Suydams, Lydigs, Heckschers, Hoyts, Grinnells, Binningers, Livingstons, Robinsons, Ogden Hoffman, the Le Roys, Fearings, John Van Buren. The names are redolent of old New York, of its gay, luxurious life when money was pouring into the coffers of its merchants from its foreign trade, and the city was becoming one of the great seaports of the world. In those days the greatest merchants were in the shipping business; the bankers were dealing in foreign exchange, so that there was an infusion of clever young foreigners—Germans, Swiss, French, and English—in the city. The foreigners belonged to the commercial classes of their own countries; some of them represented, and they and their sons continue to represent, the leading banking and shipping houses of the Old



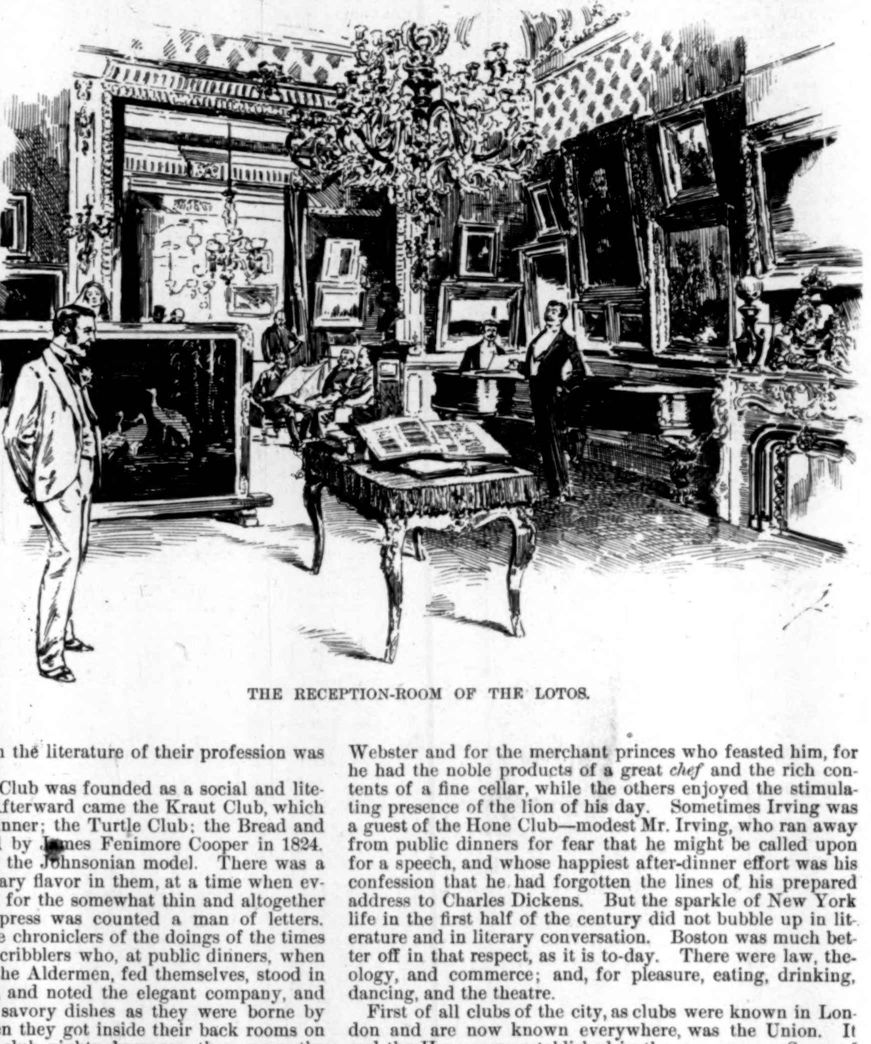
THE MAIN STAIRCASE IN THE NEW YORK.

World. The gilded youth of New York, especially those who had inherited money, joyfully hailed the foreign invasion, and greeted the European money-makers with a delight that is now only manifested by their descendants when a scion of the nobility lands on our shores. New York became cosmopolitan through her commerce, and the merchants were the first to feel the close rivalry of men from Europe and New England.

It is a striking and charming fact in the history of the city that for many years—and even now in a great measure—the genial Dutch good-nature and philosophy were so strong and pervasive as to give to New York its character. It was a good-natured town, tolerant, awkward, gluttonous perhaps, but hospitable. Out of the rich and generous life of the place grew the first clubs, somewhat after the time when the forty Boston gentlemen of the Quarantine were discussing the Latin satirists over their daily glass of brandy and water. The two cities were so different that the adventurous youth of Boston, glowing with delightful anticipations of sinful contact, sought out New York when they longed for thoroughly dangerous and strange diversions. Boston was learned, witty, often priggish, and not unseldom monotonous; New York was gay, bright, full of color, and given over to feasting. There were great merchants in the metropolis—greater than there were anywhere else in the country. There was a remarkably strong and learned bar, among whose members were natives, young men from the western part of the State, and Irishmen. The New England lawyer did not reach New York in search of his fortune in the early part of the century. The medical profession was well represented, and theology was expounded by divines whose names have come down to us of this generation. Literature was in the care of Irving, Paulding, and Bryant in the tens, twenties, and thirties, and New York did Irving honor, and so dignified itself. When he came back from Spain, his fellow-citizens feasted him; and when Dickens first visited the country, Irving was the chairman of the public dinner. The difference between the treatment that literary men receive in New York and Boston exists now as it existed then. Boston society accepts a literary man as an entertainer, comrade, and instructor; New York worships its idols. Irving was a strange being, a startling innovation; he was the son of an old New York merchant, and nevertheless possessed literary abilities.

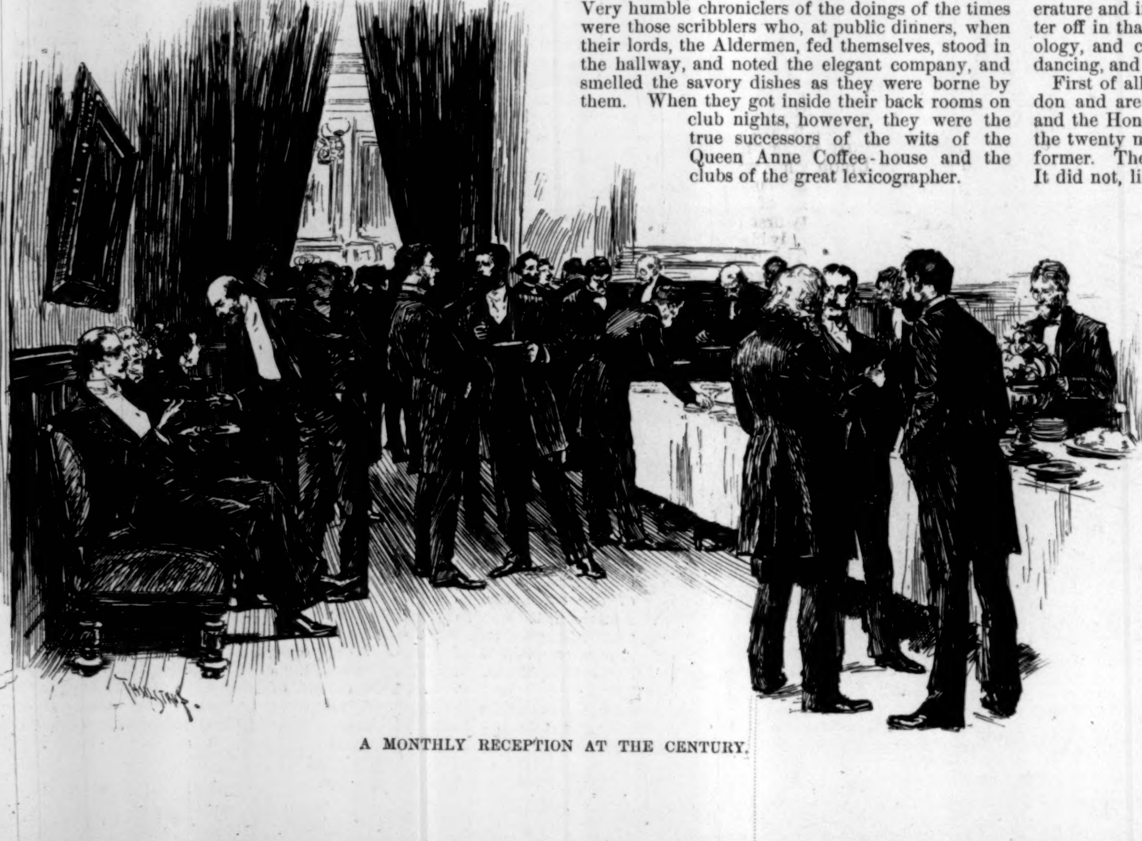
The first clubs of New York were such as Dr. Johnson organized and loved, with a difference. The pleasure of the Johnson club was its talk; that of the New York club was its dinner. The old New-Yorkers deceived themselves into believing that they were intellectual descendants of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, of Sam Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, and Reynolds, because they met in taverns at stated and regular times, but every one who has read William Irving's poetry in *Salmagundi* knows better.

This, however, is not true of the first club of the city, the lawyers' Moot Club, at which cases were tried and questions of law argued. It was founded in 1775, and among its members were John Jay, Gouverneur Morris, and Stephen De Lancey. They lived in the day when the literature of their profession was making.



THE RECEPTION-ROOM OF THE LOTOS.

In 1792 the Drone Club was founded as a social and literary organization. Afterward came the Kraut Club, which met annually for a dinner; the Turtle Club; the Bread and Cheese Club, founded by James Fenimore Cooper in 1824. All of them were on the Johnsonian model. There was a dash of literary flavor in them, at a time when every scribbler for the somewhat thin and altogether subservient press was counted a man of letters. Very humble chroniclers of the doings of the times were those scribblers who, at public dinners, when their lords, the Aldermen, fed themselves, stood in the hallway, and noted the elegant company, and smelled the savory dishes as they were borne by them. When they got inside their back rooms on club nights, however, they were the true successors of the wits of the Queen Anne Coffee-house and the clubs of the great lexicographer.



A MONTHLY RECEPTION AT THE CENTURY.

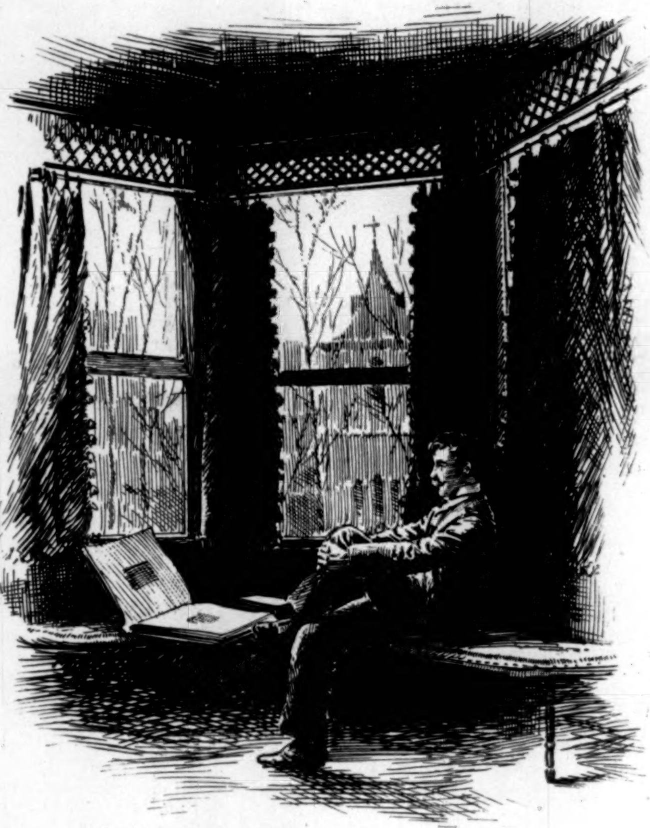
Even the best was not surpassing fair. Social life was the art of the men who were spending the fast accumulating money that was sending New York very far to the front of all the cities of the continent. They were dancing and supping at the City Hall, Washington Hall, the City Hotel, and at one greater ballroom after another, until the Academy of Music crowned the pleasure-seeking efforts of the generations before the war. "In process of time," says Salmagundi, speaking of the Gothamites after the invasion of the Hoppingtots, "they had waxed to be most flagrant, outrageous, and abandoned dancers; they ponder on naught but how to gallantize it at balls, routs, and fandangoes, insomuch that the like was in no time or place ever observed before. They do, moreover, pitifully devote their nights to the jollification of the legs, and their days, forsooth, to the instruction and edification of the heel. And to conclude: their young folk, who whilom did bestow a modicum of leisure upon the head, have of late utterly abandoned this hopeful task, and have quietly, as it were, settled themselves down into mere machines, wound up by a tune, and set in motion by a fiddle-stick!"

The most famous of the dinner-giving organizations was the Hone Club, founded in 1836, and named for Mayor Philip Hone. Its members were among the first merchants of the city, and were all admirers of Daniel Webster. Philip Hone lived in a fine house directly opposite the City Hall Park, and afterward at the corner of Broadway and Great Jones Street. He was an admirable specimen of his class—rich, generous, and hospitable. When he was Mayor his entertainments to distinguished visitors were so lavish that his friends insisted on relieving him of part of his assumed burdens. Therefore the Hone Club was established. Dinners were given by the members in turn at their own houses, and it was understood that on the days when the great Daniel looked in upon the town, the member whose turn it was should give his dinner then. Those were happy days for Webster and for the merchant princes who feasted him, for he had the noble products of a great *chef* and the rich contents of a fine cellar, while the others enjoyed the stimulating presence of the lion of his day. Sometimes Irving was a guest of the Hone Club—modest Mr. Irving, who ran away from public dinners for fear that he might be called upon for a speech, and whose happiest after-dinner effort was his confession that he had forgotten the lines of his prepared address to Charles Dickens. But the sparkle of New York life in the first half of the century did not bubble up in literature and in literary conversation. Boston was much better off in that respect, as it is to-day. There were law, theology, and commerce; and, for pleasure, eating, drinking, dancing, and the theatre.

First of all clubs of the city, as clubs were known in London and are now known everywhere, was the Union. It and the Hone were established in the same year. Some of the twenty members of the latter were also members of the former. The Union Club sprang into being full fledged. It did not, like so many others of its time, develop from a room or two; first without a restaurant, then with a back-door connection with a neighboring restaurateur; at length, if successful, achieving the glories of its own *chef* and *cuisine*. It had a house of its own on Broadway, and its members were the social magnates of New York: the Astors, the Edgars, Schuylers, Suydams, Lydigs, Le Roys, Griswolds—it is unnecessary to name them all. The New-Yorker of the time knew them, and his veneration for their names was even greater than his worship of Irving's genius—the one was a pleasure, while the other was a duty.

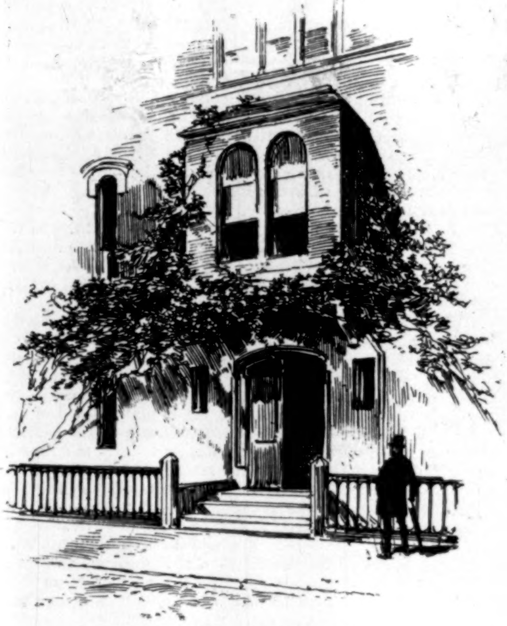
The formal meeting for organization was held at the Athenæum. The membership was limited to 400. Philip Hone says, in its diary, that it was "to be similar in its plan and regulations to the great clubs of London, which give a tone and character to the society of the British metropolis." The first house was at 343 Broadway, and the first president was Samuel Jones.

English the club was, indeed, as English manners were known to these good merchants, who thus became the founders of our local aristocracy. Yet at this time Fanny Kemble was laughing at a dinner given by Philip Hone himself, and complaining of the absence of finger-bowls from his table. "The club will be well



IN THE READING-ROOM OF THE FELLOWCRAFT.

suited to the times," writes the ex-Mayor in the panic year 1837. "A single gentleman will be able to get a good dinner and his wine for half the price he would have to pay at a hotel."



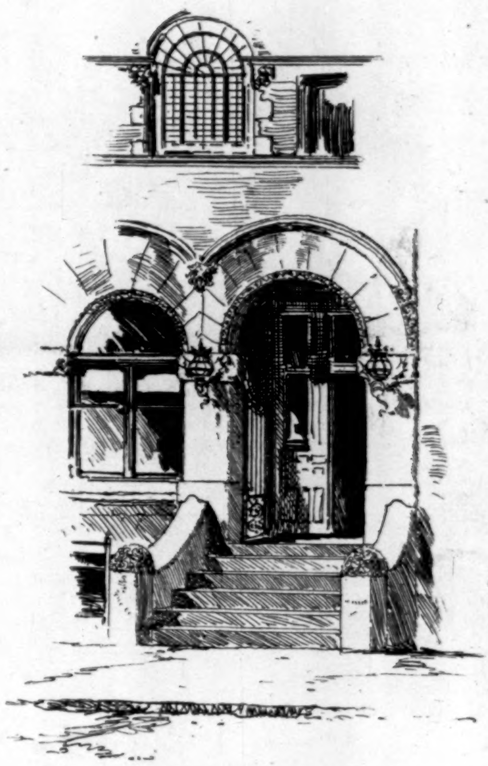
THE ENTRANCE TO THE CALUMET.

It was not only the first club of the city, it was the first real club in the country—the first club intended to be a home for bachelors, and to furnish the creature comforts found by clubless men in taverns. There was some need of it. Rich bachelors were increasing, for young foreigners were coming here to engage in business, and sons of native merchants wanted their fling before they finally settled down.

The club-house was formally opened May 27, 1837, with a dinner for which the *chef* was much commended. The New York palate was then in a transition state. Its ambition was to be able to enjoy artistic French cookery, but it could not help a certain wholesome longing for the rich products of the vicinage, dressed and cooked after the fashion that had prevailed since old Dutch times. The Union has always been famous for its cooking, but three months after that excellent opening dinner there was a turtle dinner at the club, which was pronounced execrable, "for a French *artiste de cuisine* knows nothing about turtle."

There seems to have been a daily *table d'hôte*, at the head of which the president, Chancellor Jones, usually sat.

The second house of the club was at 376 Broadway, higher up, and on the opposite side of the street. It was a large and handsome dwelling that belonged to Mr. William B. Astor. It was May, 1842, when the club moved in, and there it remained until 1850, when it took Mr. Kernochan's house, on Broadway, opposite Great Jones Street.



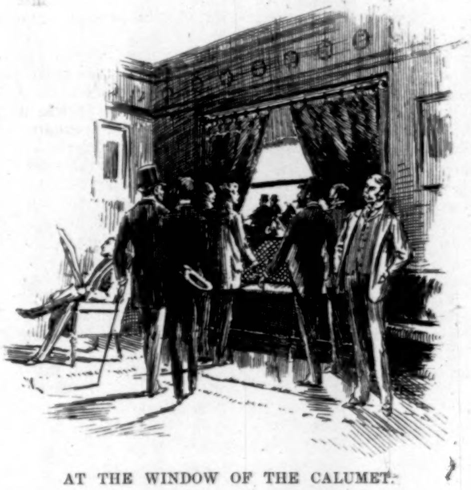
THE ENTRANCE TO THE GROLIER.

Club men of our fathers' days talked on the same subjects that now interest their descendants. Mr. Hone says, "Horse-racing and politics are discussed by those who know little about either of those abstruse sciences." The young and old beaux lounged in the windows, and saw the gay panorama of the streets pass before them. Broadway was then, in its smaller way, what Fifth Avenue is to-day. The idle gentlemen of the town did as idle gentlemen have done always, and amused themselves and one another. The stronger men used the club for dinners and receptions to distinguished persons. The club was and has remained an expression of the prosperous life of New York. Its founders were the great merchants of the city and their sons, and its development and growth have been along the lines on which the city itself has advanced. There has been a revolt in its history against what appeared to be a change in its character; but it was not a change. It is true the old city names make less of a showing on the roll of members, but it is also true that the signs on the Broadway stores do not bear the names that were to be read there forty or even twenty years ago.

The scions of old families whose wealth came from the old ways of doing business are spending what is left of their inherited fortunes, or are trying to fit themselves to the new methods. The shipping merchant, the dealer in his own wares, and the banker, who put their money into substantial brick and stone houses, have been succeeded by the commission merchant and the broker, who invest their profits in railroad and telegraph securities. The business methods of this commercial town have shifted. New men have come in from the East and the West. There is a strong flavor of New England in our high places—a flavor which was already beginning to be perceptible when Mr. Knickerbocker wrote his veracious history. There is now a fresh and breezy impulse from the West which is chilling the old marrow of the natives, who remember the day when their fathers' stately ships went up and down the bordering rivers. But if the new order has brought new men, and if the channels of our trade have worn new ways, who shall shut the doors of clubs and society in the faces of the men who have wrought and who have thriven? Not the Union certainly, for it has hospitably taken whatever of good has come to it. The city is commercial. It has very little aristocracy that does not rest on trade. We are not a bookish people, although there are many bookish men and women among us, and it would be idle to pretend that we are. Fifty years ago there was a book club in New York which met at stated intervals for the consumption of unstinted punch and food. Its single volume was for the recording of dinner subscriptions. It was a genial reflection of the city. Its name denoted a polite respect for letters; its frank and fleshly purpose was the gratification of the stomach.

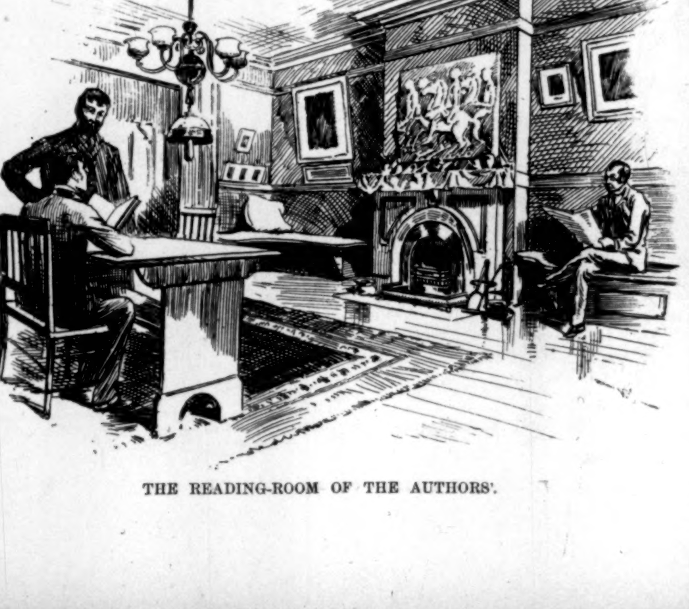
Do not let me be misunderstood. There is a strong and vigorous literary and artistic life in the city, and there has always been much erudition among our professional men. There are bookworms, bibliophiles, antiquarian book-stores, splendid and curious collections of literary treasures; but I am speaking now of the complexion of the good town as the world sees it, of the kind of life which is manifested in the daily ebb and flow of its human tide. We shall soon enough come to consider the strong under-currents and eddies.

When, in 1855, the Union Club went into its own great brown-stone palace on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, it was not the only club of its kind in the city. The New York Club was organized in 1845 by a newer element in the city than was to be found in the membership of the Union. It reflected a brisker life. It was more in the centre of the active forces that gained their impetus in Wall Street. When the Union was following the northward trend of the city's homes, the New York Club established itself in Chambers Street opposite the present Court-house. It took the New York Club a long time to finally make up its mind to go uptown. It moved to the corner of Broadway and Walker Street; then to 737 Broadway, a few doors below the store now occupied by Charles Scribner's Sons; then it went back to 558 Broadway, below Prince Street; in 1851 it was at 620 Broadway, above Houston Street; in 1856 it occupied the Wolfe house, on the corner of Astor Place and Broadway; in 1862 it bought the large dwelling-house on the corner of Fifteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, which is still known as the Haight house. In this elegant house, built by one of the most fastidious of the old city merchants, the club remained for eight years. It was as characteristic of New York as the Union, but very different. It was always and definitely the New York of the present. Memories and traditions did not haunt its halls or sit in its windows with their hats on. It has been always a club of the generation actively on the stage. Great lawyers and rich merchants have been among its members, but the roots of most of the club list interlaced, and had hold on some other soil than that of Manhattan Island.

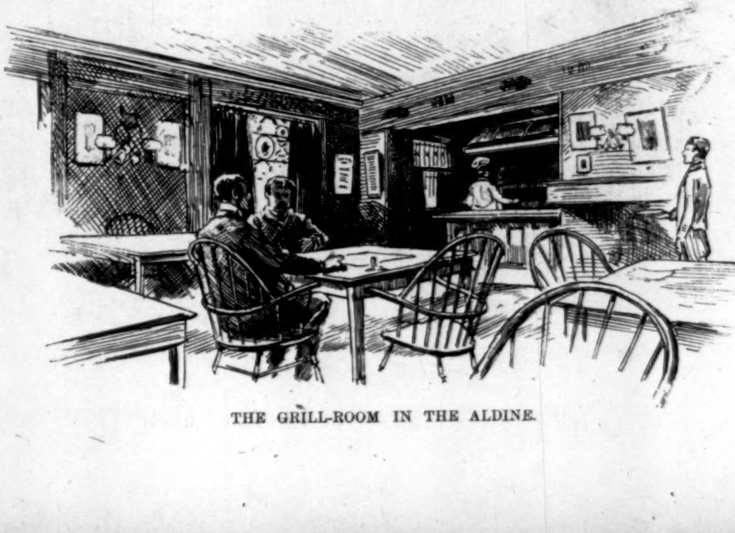


AT THE WINDOW OF THE CALUMET.

In 1870 the club was suddenly and somewhat unaccountably dissolved, and it was destined not to be counted as one of the prominent clubs of the city for many years. It is true that it was at once reorganized, but it went wandering about from house to house. Now its rooms were in Union Square; now they were on Fifth Avenue. At one time it occupied



THE READING-ROOM OF THE AUTHORS'.



THE GRILL-ROOM IN THE ALDINE.